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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

OUR many readers will be sorry to learn that our Editor is not well. After her return from Allahabad, to which we referred last month, she went to Palghat in Malabar to preside over a Political Conference and delivered a masterly address on "Under the Congress Flag". After her return she took train to Madura, also in the South but on the East Coast, to attend the Provincial Political Conference, and while she spoke several times at the Conference she also delivered three lectures, one Theosophical, one on Social Service and one on "Why India Wants Home Rule". She returned one morning to spend a day at *New India* Office, and left the same evening for Poona to deliver political lectures, as also to preside over the Maharatta Theosophical Federation. Huge success awaited her in that capital of the Deccan, famous for the mighty exploits of Shivāji Māhāraj, the disciple of Rāmḍās and the worshipper of Bhavānimāṭā. The great Indian patriot, who has made, said Mrs. Besant, "by his suffering the future of India possible," presided

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—we mean Bal Gangadhar Tilak. Our old friend the Hon. Mr. N. D. Khandalavala was there to give a Theosophical welcome.

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The peculiar Deccan weather, before the Monsoon breaks and the Government and fashionable folk return to Poona, is always trying, and the strenuous activity and continuous journeys have affected the health of the President, and she has had a bad fever attack from which she is just free. But while ill she has had a surprise in the shape of a Government order to deposit a security of Rs. 2,000 (£133) for being the keeper of the New India Printing Works. To friends in foreign lands this may sound mysterious, but we can only say that administration in India is peculiar, and free speech, free press and ordinary rights of free citizenship do not exist. What is even considered outrageous in War time in free England is our usual lot in India; and our gallant leader, who has fought before so ably and successfully for the sake of Liberty in England, is carrying on a hard and righteous battle in this land of her adoption, the Motherland of her Master.

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Mr. Jinarajadasa left us on the day of the fall of Kut. He came to say good-bye to friends at *New India* Office, and just as he was leaving, we received the sad news of the surrender of General Townshend; he took away with him the rough uncorrected proof of *New India's* appeal to our rulers to let His Majesty's Indian subjects volunteer and fight the enemy. We are sorry to lose him at Headquarters, and some of us who are engaged in a heart-rending but clean fight on

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behalf of India miss his cheery optimism and encouragement. We also miss our devoted sister Miss Graham, whose sympathies with Indian aspirations are much appreciated. She and Mr. T. L. Crombie were two of the Madras delegates at the Indian National Congress. Such Britishers are true Imperialists, for they create bonds of love between England and India, and soothe the ruffled feelings of a much tried people.

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The gap made by the departure of Mr. Jinarajadasa and Miss Graham will be filled by two of our much loved Fellows—Miss Arundale and her adopted son, both of whom have earned a place in all Indian hearts by their genial ways and genuine brotherliness. A Students' Conference at Nellore has been postponed, partly on account of our President, but partly also to enable "George S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B., Late Principal of the C. H. College, Benares" to address them. His is a name to conjure with among the student population, and his wise counsel will be of great use to them.

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White Lotus Day was observed at Adyar in the usual way. In the morning all residents gathered; Mr. C. Ramayya, Head Master of our Madanapalle High School, chanted *Gīṭā* verses in Samskṛṭ, and Dr. Rocke read from *The Light of Asia*. A few closing words terminated a very beautiful gathering in our central hall, which was decorated with lotuses. Our President-Founder, Colonel H. S. Olcott, once suggested that the White Lotus Day should also be called the Day of Remembrance, and that we should hold in memory the lives and works of other Theosophists, known and

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unknown. That is as it should be; a reference was therefore made at the Adyar meeting that we should salute with love and gratitude the Light-Bringer to the Nineteenth Century—H. P. B., couple with hers the name of Henry Steel Olcott, but also recognise the smaller lights who shed their humble brilliance in their day and generation.

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White Lotus Day and the Wesak festival fall in the same month. In India many Hinḍūs, and all Buḍḍhists, observe the latter publicly, and the festival is growing in importance. Several Indian and Ceylonese newspapers wrote articles for the day, and the following one from *New India* will interest all Theosophists:

THE FESTIVAL OF TO-DAY

In the world's history there is perhaps no event of so great an importance from the view-point of the spiritual unfoldment of the race as the enlightenment of Gauṭama, who became the Buḍḍha 2,505 years ago to-day. And yet its significance is not realised by the world at large, who read histories written for it for specific purposes. What are generally known as myths are items of true history, epoch-marking and deeply significant. In this land of Religion, both among Hinḍūs as well as Buḍḍhists, the full-moon day of the month of Wesak is held in reverence for reasons varied and sundry. The High Gods who guide, unknown and unrecognised, the slow evolution of humanity, have their own way of teaching and recording, and one of these is through the medium of popular legends and tales. On this full-moon day not only that Ṛṣhi became the Buḍḍha, but also was He born in the Hinḍū Royal House of Kapilavāsṭu and became known as the gentle Prince Siḍḍhārṭha. And on the same full-moon day, when His time came, after 45 years of blessed teaching of the Noble Eightfold Path, that Master of Masters, that

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Perfect Teacher of Gods and men, cast off His superb body, 80 years of age, and passed out of the sight of flesh to continue His work of blessing from heaven on high. Thus three notable events—of birth, of reaching Buḍḍhahood, of casting off his fair garment of flesh—took place on this Wesak Full-Moon Day. In holy memory thereof all those below His august rank have ever since observed it in the Sacred Saṅgha.

There is a strange belief, handed down by tradition, and reverently nurtured by the devout Buḍḍhists, that every year on the Wesak Day the Lord Buḍḍha blesses the race of men who are His younger brethren and thereby the world is enriched in spiritual power and potency. However that may be, in this Āryāvarṭa where He was born, where He "set in motion the Royal Chariot wheels of the Kingdom of Righteousness," where through His preachings hundreds crossed the stream of *samsāra* and reached the other shore where bliss abides, this day ought to arouse latent memories of a far-off past when He left India glorious in all expressions of life and labour. Lord Gauṭama ushered in a new era of progress for the race of which He was the first to reach Enlightenment. He also introduced a new epoch in the story of India's culture, both spiritual and sociological. The fetters of creed and dogma, the limitations of bigotry, the narrower outlooks of life, had worked their natural havoc in our Āryan civilisation, and He was born, "this last of many times," to break those fetters, to remove those limitations, to widen those outlooks. How marvellously He did it all is a matter of history. In that splendid and most inspiring poem, *The Light of Asia*, Sir Edwin Arnold has given us, in superb musical language, the marvellous life-story of this Man of Perfect Stature—His royal birth, His marriage of exquisite love with that embodiment of spiritual charm, Yashoḍharā, His life in the Palace of Pleasure, His seeing the life of the sorrowful, His reading the sign of His mission, His escape from the prison-palace, His wanderings, His questionings, His meeting with the tender Sujāṭa, "wiser than wisdom in her simple lore," His wending to the Boḍhi Tree, His solving the mystery of existence and pleasure and pain, His gaining Illumination, His return to the Deer Park at Kāshī, His founding the

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Saṅgha, His establishing the Ḍhamma, and then His passing away—all never-to-be-forgotten incidents of spiritual value and significance.

In our world of to-day, where strife begets pain, struggle begets poverty, war begets bloodshed, we have forgotten the gentle ways of Peace, the joyous paths of Ānanḍa. Naturally we may crave for the priceless boon of knowing the secret to "grow content, from time of tender shoot to time of fruit" which this Master searched and found. If only man, "nursed on blood," turned his feet to paths of Forgiveness and Love and lived as the Buḍḍha taught, understanding the Four Noble Truths—the Sorrow, Its Cause, Its Ceasing, and the Way—the Noble Eightfold Path, he would arrive at that fair garden where "spring the healing streams, quenching all thirst," where "bloom the immortal flowers, carpeting all the way with joy". Immutable Peace would then be his, and Power of the Immortals, and Wisdom which is Love, and Labour which is Joy. May this Anniversary Day bring its benediction to a sorrow-laden world; may Peace come to stay where strife is; and may every man, irrespective of his creed or his clime, learn to love and serve the High Deliverer, that Lamp of the Law who assured us:

> Enter the path! There is no grief like hate!
> No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!
> Enter the path! far hath he gone whose foot
> Treads down one fond offence.

* * *

A practical scheme of vast possibilities for the immediate future is the Brotherhood Campaign organised by the Executive Committee of the T. S. in England and Wales. This is described very fully in a pamphlet entitled "For Brotherhood," which by this time should be familiar to English members. The aim of the scheme is to provide a system of study suitable for groups in connection with Lodges throughout the country, and arranged so as to equip as many people as possible to take an active part in carrying the principle of Brotherhood into public life. With this

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object, courses of study have been drawn up in Religion, Education, Government, and Social and Economic Conditions, in each of which Brotherhood is taken as the criterion for reform. A series of four public lectures will be organised in the autumn of this year, to enlist a wider support for more specialised activities. The world sorely needs such a leavening of Brotherhood as the Wisdom-Religion can infuse, and it is satisfactory to note that the importance of systematic study is being insisted on, as none but the efficient can expect to do really useful work.

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The London T. P. S. has published *Notes and Index to the Bhagavad-Gita* by Miss Kate Browning, known to Theosophists of New Zealand and of India by her excellent work. In England she is engaged in doing admirable Lodge propaganda, and her small book will be found helpful by all students of that priceless Song.

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HOLY PLACES

EAST

My footsteps wander, seeking the Holy Places, wandering, wandering.

I pace the deck, and watch the ship's prow dip, cutting the waves in urgent progress eastward, till my footsteps touch the ancient shore.

My goal is reached; I greet it, nascent amid the palm groves, youngest among the Holy Places.

I find It again, by the river's sweep that bears the coronal of hoary shrines, the air a-tremble with the sunset prayer of thousands.

Wandering, wandering, the living rock I see opened in temple aisle, throbbing with breath of ancient worship, and again I greet my goal, whither my footsteps wander, and bow my head in joy of the Holy Places.

WEST

In the green swards of my England I wander, tenderly stepping upon her fragrant and inviolate pathways, and again I find my goal. Sea-ward my England stands at this hour, war-girt and watchful, but within, near her heart's core, there It rises, tower crowned, green terraced, engirdled with blossoming orchards.

It rises, her Holiest of Places, nursing in austere beauty her dreams of the ages, brooding on days yet to come, and laving forever the way-worn feet of her pilgrims with waters of peace.

In the heart of my England It rises, and I spread forth my hands in worship, full-filled with the subtil and intimate joy out-breathed by her Holiest of Places.

HOPE REA

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A COMMUNION OF WORKERS

By Eva Martin

In the truest sense, every worker is a dreamer of dreams, a mystic. The mystic is not a far-away, unpractical person, but one who, striving to materialise ideals, re-makes the world. Only such dreamers can build a new and just civilisation; and among these all workers, however humble, should now take their place.

IT is sometimes suggested that the present time is not a suitable one in which to develop principles such as those of the Brotherhood of Arts, Crafts and Industries, to which suggestion members of the Brotherhood usually reply that the near future will at any rate be the most suitable that could possibly be found. They are not alone in their belief, for from many quite

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unconnected sources come expressions of a hope—indeed of an assurance—that, the war once over, it will be found that a way has been made clear for the development of many high principles and noble ideals hitherto existing among us only in the abstract—in theory, not in practice.

The desire and hope of the Brotherhood of Arts is that in the near future theoretical ideals shall be put into living practice, that abstract principles shall be expressed in concrete beauty.

As one illustration of how this desire and hope is being expressed outside as well as inside the movement, I quote some passages from a recent book, *Form and Colour*, whose author, Mr. March Phillips, is evidently in deep sympathy with aims and objects such as those to further which the Brotherhood of Arts was founded, as well as being a convinced believer in that future blending of Eastern and Western ideals from which so much is expected.

"The truth is," he writes, "we are attentive in these days to suggestions which are not of the material order at all, to suggestions essentially emotional and spiritual in purport, and which, as I always think, are being borne to us from the East in invisible exchange for the more material contributions which the East is receiving from the West."

"Yesterday we might have admired a materialism on the imperial scale, to-day it revolts us, recognising in it, as we do, a dead ideal out of which we have climbed to higher conceptions. . . . . Not by subtle reasoning and analysis are we to attain, perhaps, the knowledge of our faith, but by hammering out our intention on the anvil of war. . . . . and our soldiers may prove the greatest of all our philosophers, since it will be they who will succeed at last in awakening us to the recognition of other than material standards. Indeed, there are already many who are looking to the battle-fields of the two frontiers with something of that "wild surmise" which attends the discovery of new oceans and continents. . . . . In the issue we shall perhaps be able to put into actual

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practice ideals which as yet we have only been able to talk about."

"Man will in the old sense of the word be made whole. All that the East has divined and dreamed, all that the West has reasoned and thought out, will be included in that final summary. This is the conception which is entering into life, and what enters into life must one day come out in art."

Holding these beliefs, cherishing these ideals, is it any wonder that we artists and workers have truly a "wild surmise" in our hearts as we look to those vast and terrible battle-fields whereon the future of the world is being moulded into shape with titan blows upon a titan anvil? It is not we who are striking those blows; it is not even our soldiers. The power which strikes the blows, which wields the hammer, is the Life Force—that Force which ever cleaves its way, through darkness, ignorance, and pain, towards Freedom and towards Light. The power which endows the opposing mass with its quality of tough resistance to progress, desperate clinging to "dead ideals," is the Death Force—that Force which ever tends towards spiritual stagnation, selfishness, cruelty, and exaltation of material attainments.

There are some who seek to hold the attention down to the "material horrors" of this war, while ignoring all other aspects of it. War is full of horror, of agony, of brutality, of ugliness, but when we hear these things dwelt on overmuch, an inevitable question arises in our hearts—"And what of the horrors of peace?" How few there are who give any attention to those! Yet all true reformers know that it is as needful to abolish them as to abolish war.

"To insist upon beauty as . . . . . a necessity in the lives of the people." That is one of the objects

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which the Brotherhood of Arts has set before itself. And when we think of the difficulties that stand in the way, of all the dull hideousness that stretches between us and the attainment of this object, the horrors of war actually seem small by comparison. Here, among the "horrors of peace," calmly accepted as inevitable (or ignored as non-existent) by the majority of people, we have human beings killing one another, not swiftly by bullet, bayonet or high-explosive bomb, but slowly and painfully, week by week, year by year, through such methods as overwork, under-pay, insufficient leisure, insanitary dwellings, "poison" trades, sweated industries, and in how many other ways! We find ourselves confronted by a death-rate among young children, so high that in one half-year *in peace time* close on 50,000 died in Britain alone, from causes that are surely for the most part preventible. In one whole year of war the total losses among British officers and men amounted to 61,384. These figures are worth considering. Further, the "horrors of peace" are not redeemed by those frequent and vivid flashes of heroic beauty that light up even the grim monotony of a trench-war such as this one so long has been. They stretch along from day to day in a dreary greyness of unremitting drudgery, and allow so little scope for the play of the Spirit dwelling in each human form that it is no wonder when that Spirit falls into a heavy sleep scarce to be distinguished from death.

The wonder is when it is found to be still alive, ardent, eager for beauty upon which to feed and grow! Is it too much to hope that it may suffer at any rate *less* from beauty-starvation in the future? We know that at the front men's spirits have again and again been

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"shocked alive" by the things of beauty and terror that they have seen. We know that these men will ever afterwards be more sensitive to the touch of Beauty or of any great emotion. We know that among the masses of the people there must also in the future be more sensitiveness to the things of the Spirit. The hearts of whole nations have been touched as never before by the happenings of this war, which is being fought indeed not primarily for the sake of the present generation—whose sacrifices are perhaps unequalled in any other chapter of human history—but for the sake of those to come. On both sides of the globe the hearts of whole nations have been moved and stirred to an almost incredible extent by the sufferings of other nations; while in England we have had before us, and can surely never forget it, the spectacle of men voluntarily offering themselves in hundreds of thousands, in millions, to fight for what they know, however dimly, to be an Ideal Good. Some have this knowledge very indefinitely—a few have it not at all—but in the hearts of others it burns like a flame, so that all experience, however painful and terrifying, is transmuted by it into new spiritual force. Is it not inevitable that when the agony of the struggle is over, these men, these whole nations, shall be filled with the desire to take the world in their hands, plunge it into the Fires of Beauty, and "re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire"?

"To uphold the spiritual ideal in all arts, crafts and industries"—here the Brotherhood of Arts steps in again, and offers the new world-makers a foundation upon which to build. The day of material things is rapidly passing. Money—except in so far as it can help others—stands for less now than ever before. Clothes

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stand for less; conventions stand for less. The way is slowly being prepared for the growth of that "spiritual ideal" which shall radiate from the "Universal Communion of Workers" which the Brotherhood of Arts now seeks to form. This is a Communion from which none can be excluded. The finest creative artist, the humblest factory hand, the musician, the coal-heaver, the poet, the tram-conductor—each and all have their rightful place in it. None who comes into it can ever again feel alone, for loneliness, that worst of all forms of human suffering, can find no entry into the hearts of those who are thus linked together—even though the only common ground on which they meet may be the Love of Beauty and the desire to share it with others. "The artist knows that in the grace of beauty is the power to renew all things. . . . . Justice and wisdom cannot prevail until beauty and strength are equally expressed in human affairs."

To all in whom the events of the last two years have aroused what was perhaps slumbering, though not dead—a passionate love of their country—has come a realisation of the need for the balance of these two forces, Beauty and Strength. In England, as in most other European countries, Strength has been the predominating factor in the past. Strength is a good thing, and a fine thing, but when it is developed at the expense of Beauty there comes a time when the balance must be made level again, or the nation falls to the ground, top-heavy with the weight of its own power. To that turning-point have the Western nations now come. Now, if ever, is given an opportunity to restore the balance—now, when men's lives and minds have been so shaken that they perceive,

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perhaps almost against their wills, that "there's something rotten in the estate of . . ." *Europe*. Now, if ever, are the people ready to listen to new ideas, to respond to new ideals—now, with the example of Germany, chief exponent of the doctrine of Strength in its extremest form, before their eyes.

The Brotherhood of Arts is only one of many forces that are working towards the New Day. Its beginnings are as small as its possibilities are great. "If we workers seek to build aright," it says, "there is no power on earth can stop us, until we have built a new earth and a new heaven. Salvation, liberation, lie verily in our own hands and in our own making. But we must stand together. We must find our leaders. Those only are leaders who inspire us with vision." There is the crucial need—vision! The power to see beyond the present, to rise above the dead level of the everyday world and find the things that are real, and, being real, are everlasting.

There is a certain long and dreary London street which during the winter evenings of war-darkness has seemed longer and drearier than ever. Pedestrians grope and stumble on the half-lit footpaths; vehicles crawl and grunt along the road with incessant hootings. But climb above the ground-level, mount to the top of a 'bus! There you will find that the upper halves of all lamps have been darkened with deep orange-coloured paint, and that though from below the effect is gloomy and depressing, from above it is as though rows of enormous Chinese lanterns were floating unsupported amid the grey houses, stretching in luminous chains as far as the eye can see. So do the ideals expressed in the Brotherhood of Arts float like

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golden lanterns amid the greyness of this present time. But to become aware of them and of their Promise, you must climb out of the lower dimness which blinds the eyes of even the most keen-sighted. You must mount to the hill-tops, and look down upon a world which out of all its misery and pain is shaping a new civilisation —a civilisation in which the "Universal Communion of Workers" will have no inconsiderable part to play.

Eva Martin

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THE ARTS OF TIBET

By PERCY BROWN

Principal, Government School of Art, Calcutta

THE history of Tibet is reflected in its arts. Until the introduction of Buḍḍhism in the seventh century A.D., the people from all accounts appear to have been rapacious savages and reputed cannibals, without a written language, and practising a devil-dancing or Shamanistic religion which still survives under the name of the Bon-pa. Distinct traces of this cannibalism, or at least human sacrifice in its most revolting form, are still observable in much of the art of Tibet at the present day. A remarkable fabric known as a "Kangzey," now in the Art Section of the Museum, pictures this in a particularly graphic fashion. The central feature of the design consists of a collection of Buḍḍhist symbols, but these are held in position by flayed creatures—men and animals—besides dissected portions of human beings, which place the meaning of this unique temple-hanging beyond doubt. A few illustrations from this fabric will serve to explain.

It would take too long even to outline the wealth of allegory which this wonderful textile displays, but some of the main features may be referred to. Skull-cups containing offerings of blood are frequent in the

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design, while lamps with lights burning are also seen. Then there are two figures holding the *norbu* or jewel, the Mother of All Gems, the Wish-procuring Gem, which figures in almost all Tibetan designs; the Victorious Wheel of a Thousand Spokes, which also represents the Symmetry and Completeness of the Law; the conch-shell, the emblem of victory, and also on account of its white sheen the "Symbol of Purity"; the skull-offering of the Five Powers—hearing, smelling, speaking, seeing and thinking, an offering to prevent disease or accident. Musical instruments will also be noticed, the Damaru or skull-drum, tied with the colours of the five powers, and the Thigh-bone trumpet, the sound of which is supposed to summon the demons. As in the Tibetan death ceremonies the body is usually destroyed, these are generally manufactured from the bones of criminals, and the more wicked the individual the more powerful the blast and its effect. I am also informed that the thigh-bones of the *mahouts* of the plains of India were much sought after for this purpose on account of their size and strength. The elephant-driver is brought up from childhood at his business, and his femurs probably develop a subtle twist which give the note from these trumpets an added quality. In any case the life of a *mahout* anywhere on the borders of Tibet must have been full of interest whenever the neighbouring temple band required to replenish its instruments.

Besides the decorative and pictorial examples found in the temples, the Tibetans' religious dramas also exhibit this feature in a most realistic manner. In the course of the Devil-dance, a human dummy is dragged about by skeletons and finally despatched by means of

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daggers, the dismembered portions being afterwards distributed among the demons taking part in the dance. Of course large areas of Asia practised Shamanism previous to the introduction of Muhammadanism and Buḍḍhism, but in Tibetan art we find this morbid religion still much in evidence, and observed in the otherwise picturesque form of the Devil-dance.

During the seventh century, however, a change comes over the scene. On each side of this great country, which was still steeped in barbarism, were two other powerful empires which had for centuries observed Buḍḍhism, and whose enlightened condition must have appealed to the ruling powers of Tibet. These two countries were, on the one hand China, and on the other India with Nepal. The situation, therefore, required but the moment and the man, and the latter was revealed in Sron Tsan Gampo, a king of great character, who mounted the Tibetan throne about A.D. 635. This monarch took unto himself two wives, a princess of China and a princess of Nepal, both of whom were ardent Buḍḍhists. These two women speedily effected the conversion of their husband to Buḍḍhism, and under their advice, he sent to India, Nepal, and China, for Buḍḍhist books and teachers. The enormous change, therefore, of this great area from barbarism to Buḍḍhism centres round these women, and especially to the Nepalese princess Bhrikuti, whose picture I have in my possession. This is a small metal figure I obtained from Tibet, and which depicts in a most realistic and beautiful form this historical personage. It is doubtful whether this work of art is Tibetan—it is Indian in character and feeling —and was probably made in India some considerable

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time ago. The influence of the princess Bhrikuti, however, extended far beyond her earthly record —the great good her personality did for Tibet led to her consecration as a saint, and she is now worshipped as the "Green Tara," the Saviouress or "Goddess of Mercy". In this incarnation Bhrikuti is sometimes depicted by Tibetan artists as of a fierce appearance, as sad to relate, she is recorded as having been of a fiery temper and the cause of frequent brawls on account of the precedence given to the Chinese princess. From this date, therefore, and for the succeeding six centuries, Tibet looked to India for its art, in the same way that it went to that country for its religion, its script, and everything appertaining to its new civilisation. Some idea of the situation may be gained from the actual words of Sron Tsan Gampo when he sued for the hand of the Nepalese princess: "I, the king of barbarous Tibet, do not practise the ten virtues, but should you be pleased to bestow on me your daughter, and wish me to have the Law, I shall practise the ten virtues with a five-thousand-fold body .... though I have not the arts .... if you so desire .... I shall build 5,000 temples." And judging from the artistic records of Tibet, Sron Tsan kept his word, and in every sense this period corresponds to what may be defined as the Indo-Buḍḍhist period of the country. The arts particularly bear witness to the Indian influence, and conclusively demonstrate that these were fundamentally of Indian origin.

Then in the thirteenth century another epoch commences with the great Asiatic invasions of Kublai Khan, the founder of the Mongol Dynasty in China. From this date Tibet severed its connection with India,

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and until the present day has gone to the Far East for its inspirations, the effect of which is seen in all the institutions of this time. The reason for this great change is not far to seek. Kublai Khan favoured the culture of the Chinese. In Tibet he saw in the organised force of Buḍḍhism the readiest instrument in the civilisation of that country, and that system received his special countenance. An early act of his reign had been to constitute a young lama of intelligence and learning, of the name of Phagsa, the head of the Lamaite Church, and eventually also Prince of Tibet. In this act lay, in a precursory form, the rule of the "Grand Lamas" of Lhassa, and subsequently the whole system of Lamaic rule in Tibet. From its close association with India, therefore, the whole trend of national life in Tibet gravitated bodily to China and has remained there ever since. If this great movement were not observable in the other institutions of the country, it is plainly written in its art, which shows it unmistakably in every aspect of its design.

We are, therefore, presented with three periods:

1. The Barbaric, up to the seventh century.
2. The Indo-Buḍḍhist, from the seventh to the thirteenth century.
3. The Mongol, from the thirteenth century to the present day.

And there is now every sign that a fourth period is in the course of formation, and that the pendulum is swinging back again westward, but this the future alone will see.

Having made this brief review of the country's history, and indicated the great influence this has had

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on Tibetan art, we may now turn to an examination of the underlying principles which have guided the artist in the production of his work. It is hardly necessary to state that Tibetan art is essentially religious, but it may be useful to point out that it is religious in a very noticeable particular. This is that the entire character of the art is expressed in the word "symbolism". In other words the religion is translated into symbols, and these symbols, and they alone, are the elements which the artist uses in his art. No selected example of Tibetan handicraft is needed to explain this. Any religious article may be taken at random, and a key to the character of the art is at once observable. One illustration will suffice.

The well known devil-dagger or "Phurbu" may be selected. This is a special weapon for expelling demons, and is used extensively in various forms of the ritual. At the top is the Thunderbolt or "dorji," which is the sign of a special sect known as the "Followers of the Thunderbolt". It is symbolic of the thunderbolt of Indra (Jupiter) by which he shattered his supernatural adversaries. This is a thunderbolt of the five powers, it has five bars and these five powers are somewhat equivalent to our five senses. Below are three masks representing the three types of divinities, the mild, the angry and the most terrible. The power of these three groups is transmitted into the blade of the dagger, which has three flanges, and thus, when the victim is killed by this, these three gods convey his spirit to paradise. Below is a complete thunderbolt of ten powers, the arms of which represent the points of the compass, the fifth or central arm constituting the atmosphere. This joins on to a monster known as a "chu sing" or water lion,

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the fiercest and most terrible of all supernatural animals, and he holds the point of the dagger in his mouth. There is much more to be read in this weapon, but this is the bare outline of the symbolism connected with a common implement known to most collectors of Tibetan art.

But the question may be asked: On what is this symbolism founded? The answer is—Lamaism, which is the special form of Buḍḍhism practised in Tibet. This, however, does not entirely explain that a great mass of this symbolism is in no wise associated with the religion of Buḍḍhism; some other outstanding influence is indicated to account for the innumerable and complicated allegories which form the basis of the country's art. And it is not difficult to see that this particular influence is a thick cloud of superstition which permeates the secular and domestic life of the people, and affects the whole of the institutions of the country. The reason for this state of affairs is not at once visible, for this superstition is not like that which is found in other countries of the East—a collection of mysterious beliefs appended to the local creed, but it is a very terrible array of supernatural creatures who live and have their being in the land of Tibet. And the weird and unnatural configuration of the country, and its peculiar situation, are probably responsible for much of this.

Let us briefly review its physical features, and try to understand what it is that causes the country to lie under a spell, and the people to live in a world over which brood all kinds of devils and monsters, evil beings who require propitiation at every turn.

It is not an uncommon trait in the ordinary individual, when gazing at a range of distant mountains, to

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speculate on what lies beyond. Those who have cast their eyes in a north-easterly direction from Observatory Hill, Darjeeling, with this thought in their minds, may have also reflected that beyond these distant mountains lies the vast table-land of Tibet. And the only way to reach this elevated country is by a narrow path which cork-screws its way laboriously through the mountains, and crawls painfully through a gap fifteen thousand feet high, the only place of access to the great plateau beyond. No wonder the British soldier attached to the Tibetan Mission of 1903-04, as he scrambled breathlessly up this route, observed that he had always understood Tibet was a table-land and that this must be one of its legs! And the stories of the Pass, the death that overtakes the traveller when caught in a snowstorm, form the subject of conversation around the camp fire whenever this route is traversed. No wonder the simple Tibetan regards the blizzard, the frost, and the avalanche, in the light of powerful spirits to be feared and propitiated on all occasions. Then, having gained the plateau, he is daily confronted with that mysterious wind of Tibet which, rising every day between twelve and two, with the regularity of clockwork, blows with merciless vigour, often carrying with it sleet and hail, until the darkness forces it to rest. Those vast solitudes of Tibet, inhabited only by this tearing wind, are sufficient in themselves to cause man to regard these ever-constant and terrifying forces of nature as an overworld of supernatural beings to whom he is but a plaything or a slave. It is the ruthlessness, the overwhelming character of nature, where in other climes her harmony, her adaptability to human needs are her chief features, it is this aspect of the country

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which may be regarded as largely responsible for the great mass of the superstitions of Tibet. Other influences are also at work, the religious system undoubtedly does much to encourage this, but it seems more than likely that the fundamental cause may be traced to the geographical position and physical configuration of this great central Asian plateau.

To sum up, therefore, Tibetan art is built up on a great array of symbols, pictorial elements expressing in concrete form the mysteries that lie behind them. As I have endeavoured to explain, the primary inspiration for these may be traced to the peculiar character of the country, added to the many centuries of barbarism which lasted well into the Christian Era. Then the influence of Buḍḍhism becomes observable, and the remainder of the story is comparatively simple. Tibetan art, with this religion, originally came from India, but before it appeared in Tibet it went via Nepal and made a long stay among the Newar craftsmen of that country. These artistic Nepalis then carried it into Tibet, and for some centuries the arts of that country were Indian—Indo-Buḍḍhist—as introduced and interpreted by the Newars of Nepal. In the thirteenth century, the connection with India was severed, and henceforth Lamaism, a system originally evolved from China, entirely influences the art. Tibetan art may therefore be briefly defined as a Chinese stratum overlying a bedrock of Indo-Buḍḍhism.

The arts of Tibet being largely religious, the best examples are to be found in the temples and monasteries. These institutions are, in a sense, the museums of the country, as a few illustrations will demonstrate. The main features of the temple

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accessories are the painted pictures and frescoes, and the metal-work. A brief description of these two arts of painting and sculpture will therefore be undertaken.

Tibetan painting is essentially an art of the country, and takes two forms. On the walls of the temples and monasteries it is seen as fresco painting, and it is also expressed in the Tangka or temple banner hanging about the same edifices. Both these forms of the art are carried out entirely by Tibetan artists, so that in painting at least, we are presented with a true indigenous form of expression. The origin of painting in Tibet is not far to seek. The mural frescoes in the first instance bear no little resemblance to the cave paintings of Ajanta in India, which date from the first centuries of the Christian Era. Again we pick up the clue in Khotan at a slightly later date, where the explorations of Stein and Le Coq reveal wall paintings of a kindred character. In the same way the prototypes of the temple banners come into view. In technique these Tibetan Tangkas are not unlike the miniature paintings of the Rājput School of miniature picture which flourished in the Middle Ages of India, but a most interesting link is a reference by a Chinese connoisseur in the eleventh century. He states that: "In India, at the temple of Nalanda, the priests paint many Buḍḍhas, Boḍhisaṭṭvas, and Lohans, using the linen of the West." This is a brief but accurate description of the Tangka of Tibet as painted at the present day. This theory is confirmed by turning to the result of the excavations in Khotan already mentioned, which have revealed eighth century Tangkas almost identical with these well known products of the Tibetan painter's brush.

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As the Tangka is such a characteristic expression of the art of the country, a closer investigation of this production may enable us to realise the conditions under which art is produced in the land of the Lama. It seems hardly necessary to state that the Tangka is essentially a religious picture associated entirely with the ritual of the country's creed. These pictures are to be seen hanging in numbers in almost every religious edifice in Tibet, as photos of interiors indicate. The story of the Tangka is as follows.

As may be expected, horoscopes form an important feature in the life of a Tibetan, for the presentation of a religious object to the neighbouring temple is often an item in this scroll of life. In other words, "it is written" that such an offering at such a time or event must be made, and accordingly on this occasion the individual concerned consults the family priest or lama. After unimportant preliminaries, the Lhabri-pa, or artist, is called in and the commission placed with him, the lama prescribing the general form on which this work of art is to be designed. As a rule the Tangka is planned on certain lines laid down in the religious writings of the priests, and governed by canons similar to the Shilpa Shāstras of the Hinḍūs. Further, the figures are worked out by a system of measurements which correspond to those used in India from early times down to the present day. The Lama knows these rules and the Lhabri-pa is well versed in their application, so that the design is made hieratically correct. The Lhabri-pa, as in the good old mediæval fashion, is often a sculptor as well as a painter, and I have a portrait of one of these versatile craftsmen, as accomplished with the brush as with the clay.

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This individual was originally a priest, but deserted his order so that he might carry on his art. Occasionally this is found to be done, in which case the artist has a higher value on account of his expert religious knowledge. The commission for a Tangka having been placed with the painter, this individual proceeds to the house of his patron and begins the work there, carrying it out under the eye of the donor of the picture. All materials, as well as food, are provided by the patron, the artist practically living in his house, except that he retires every night to his own home to sleep. Before doing so, however, he is treated to as much "chang," or native beer, as he is disposed to drink, a harmless arrangement in view of the comparatively mild character of this national beverage. Over and above this his wages are approximately a rupee a day, varying of course according to the talent of the artist and the quality of the picture. Under these homely conditions the work of art is produced, and on its completion the custom is for the patron to make the artist a little present of coin, wrapped in a fine cloth and handed to him with a few words of praise. This completes the actual painting of the picture, but much more follows before the article at last finds a resting place in the temple. A "durzi" is employed to mount the picture in the manner of the well known Japanese "kakimona," Chinese brocaded silks (Tson-dan) being used for this work, and the selection of these requires considerable taste. Tibetan connoisseurs of the present day value the Tangka for its exquisite mounting, because these brocaded silks are becoming very rare and are now of more value than the actual picture. This particularly applies to the small square of special brocade often introduced

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into the lower margin of this silk mounting, which is usually a very choice piece of silk. This inset is called "Kat-di". The picture itself is always framed with a "jamasir" of red and yellow silk, symbolising the rainbow border. Over the whole is placed the "memsi," a silk cover dyed in soft colours and which protects the painting when it is not in use, and above this are two strips of thicker silk called "loongne," which act as weights and keep the silk "memsi" in its place. The durzi's work is now complete, but the Tangka is then entrusted to the carpenter to mount on rollers, "tangto," and the best pictures are those which have black wooden ends to the "tangto," instead of brass or other metal. The Tangka, as far as art is concerned is now finished, but it still is only the work of man's hands; a special ceremony is required to consecrate it and "give it a spirit". This is most essential to convert it from a work of man to a symbol of God, and this the Lama performs with all the necessary ritual. The Tangka is now ready to be hung in the temple, and this is undertaken with considerable formality and the picture displayed in its allotted place.

Many of these Tangkas, however, are not intended to be exposed throughout the whole of the year; they relate to certain seasons and festivals, so that they are only brought out on these occasions, exhibited for a limited period, and then packed up and placed away until the next year. This is the case with many of the temple accessories, so that it becomes almost impossible to judge their age from their condition. For instance, often the oldest Tangkas bear the best preserved appearance, because they have been carefully stored and protected. The smoke-dried specimens frequently

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hawked about Darjeeling are usually comparatively recent productions, cheap in quality, and thus left uncared for in the temple until they are ready to drop to pieces from neglect. The Tangka should be judged not from its apparent age, but by the fineness of its brushwork—not a difficult task, if a little trouble is taken to examine the technique.

This technique or process of production is an interesting one. A picture I have shows a Tibetan artist's studio. On the easel, so to speak, is his "canvas," a piece of cloth stretched when damp on a wooden frame. Around are a variety of pots, pestles, and mortars, in which he prepares his colours. As in the mediæval days of all countries, the Tibetan artist prepares his own pigments, although now, alas, he is obtaining most of these from Europe. Most of his old colours, however, were extracted from minerals, some from local earths, others from distant countries such as Mongolia and China. When applied to the surface of the cloth they are mixed with an animal gum called "Ting". The cloth is called "song" and obtained from China. This is first primed with a coating of prepared chalk and gum, which is afterwards burnished with an agate. On this eggshell-like surface the artist paints his picture. The brushes, having to be very fine, are made of cat's hair.

The larger paintings on the walls of the temples are substantially executed in the same manner.

There are other pictures, similar in general character to the painted "tangkas," except that they differ in the materials used and are not executed in the same technique. Some of these are embroidered, others are *appliqué*, and some appear to have been woven on

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a loom. None of these, however, are likely to be of Tibetan manufacture, as there are no textiles of any importance or artistic merit made in the country, except a few rather commonplace rugs and carpets and some coarse wool weaving. These woven and piece-made Tangkas are the work of Chinese fingers, and so, strictly speaking, do not come within our subject.

The actual subject-matter of the painted Tangka opens up a large field of investigation, and only a very general classification of these interesting pictures can be attempted. The bulk of them are representations of the various divinities worshipped in Tibet, and as such, may be divided into the three classes of Gods—the Mild, the Angry, and the Most Terrible. The uses to which these Tangkas are put are in conformity with the subject depicted; the Mild are for blessing and benevolence, the others are utilised in destroying enemies and for similar devastating purposes. It may be noted that the Terrible Gods are mostly in evidence, the Tibetan evidently pinning his faith more to the destructive forces than to the powers of good. Another class of subject represents superior Lamas and other pillars of the Church who have achieved great distinction and eventually become sanctified. The stories of their lives and their various incarnations are also shown in the picture. These may be said to be in the "narrative style," or are historical, but the Tibetans themselves have no classification for their Tangkas, although it is just possible to resolve them into broad divisions. A very popular class is the picture of the Maṇdala or Magic Circle, a mysterious arrangement of squares and circles, understood in a vague way by the ordinary Tibetan, but very difficult for the outsider

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to grasp. Briefly, these Magic Circles are based on certain charmed sentences supposed to have been composed by the several divinities concerned, and by worshipping the Maṇḍala these divinities are coerced into assisting the votary to reach "the other shore". These particular pictures will not, however, appeal to the ordinary connoisseur, but the other subjects, especially the stories of the various semi-divines who have built up the Lamaistic Church, will always have a special interest on account of the spiritual feeling which they undoubtedly express, and the story they so artistically illustrate.

A short description of one form of *appliqué* picture should not be omitted. Every important monastery possesses a very large piece-work picture called a "Kiku," which is exhibited at a particular place for a short time once a year in order to ward off pestilence and famine. These great works of art are a feature of monastic life in Tibet and need special reference. The Art Section of the Museum has acquired a comparatively small but very rich specimen, which is now on view. But some of these, as for instance the one at Gyantse, exhibited only for two hours once a year, are remarkable fabrics. This one is made of the richest pieces of Chinese brocade, and is 40 yards in height and 26 yards across, exclusive of the side panels. One of these wings, it will be noticed, is missing, and is believed to be in Berlin. The ceremony of displaying this work of art is an important one, and entrusted to a staff of some sixteen local "durzies," who wear special uniforms for this occasion, and are held responsible for the protection of this great picture. The devotees perform certain

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ceremonies before the Kiku, and incidentally make a present to the durzies for their labour in handling the picture. The great pylon on which it is hung, called the Kikupay, is specially built for this purpose, and faces the West. This enables the picture to be exhibited in the morning in the shade, so that no sunlight may fall on the Kiku and cause it to fade. As the sun works round, the picture is lowered, and by nine o'clock in the morning the ceremony for the year is over.

The subject of the picture is the Buḍḍha with the begging bowl, and some idea of the size of the central figure may be gained by realising that the hand holding the bowl is 8 feet long, while the eye is 2 feet 6 inches across.

A form of decorative painting in relief, very similar to "gesso" work, is also practised, and in its process is typically an art of Tibet. This decoration is applied to panels of cupboards, the sides of drums, and other temple furniture. The "gesso" is a creamy mixture of earth and gum, applied to the prepared surface of the wood in the form of a pattern, through a clever little instrument, part fountain pen, part bellows. When dry the design is in relief, and it is then painted in brilliant colours. This decoration, which is a very old art and is known as Kyungboor, is most effective.

Apart from the painting, the other outstanding feature of Tibetan art is the metal-work. It differs from the pictures, however, by being domestic as well as religious. The domestic utensils, although very picturesque in design, do not form a very important section of this art, but nevertheless appear prominently in small private collections of Tibetan art. But it is in the production of metal figures for the

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temples that the metal worker excels, and in these he has reached a very high standard of workmanship, as the examples I have before me demonstrate. These metal divinities vary considerably, but may be roughly divided into two main classes: (*a*) the smaller ones, up to about nine inches in height, which are cast, and (*b*) larger ones, some of which are colossal in size, and are all hammered work. All are made hollow, the larger ones on account of the process, and the smaller ones to accommodate small sanctified offerings, which are enclosed in the interior. A picture illustrates a small staff of subordinate lamas, in a side-chapel, arranging and sorting written prayers and other consecrated objects previous to sealing them up inside these metal statuettes. The metals used are brass and copper only, any figures in bronze, or other mixtures, may be traced to Chinese foundries. The smaller cast figures are moulded in a manner similar to the Indian productions of the same nature, that is the well known "*cire-perdue*" or "lost wax" process, which is employed all over the East. But the large hammered metal statues are made in a way which is unusual, although at the same time effective and not unworkmanlike. A fragment of a large statue will explain this better than any description. Briefly, each detail and member of the figure is hammered out separately, arms, legs, head, hands and fingers, each is beaten out as a distinct part by itself. Then all these parts are assembled and brazed together, thus forming the statue.

This process sounds simple, and is really simple as far as details are concerned, but the skill lies in getting these various parts so to fit together as to make a

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presentable work of art. Much of this is undoubtedly achieved by means of rules and laws laid down in the Kutsay-ki-Paicha, an ancient compilation in which all the measurements and proportions are most minutely tabulated, but a great deal of art is also necessary to produce these very artistic and remarkably fine statues, and the workmen responsible for these are thoroughly experienced craftsmen, as their productions unmistakably testify. A key to some of this success may be found in the large number of life-size figures built up of a clay composition, which are found in the temples. It seems more than likely that the metal figure is first modelled up in clay, and this is used as a pattern from which the final metal statue is copied in sections. The larger figures are always constructed of copper and are heavily gilt.

The various articles of religious use may be best seen in pictures of the monastic interiors, which will show these objects *in situ*. The vessels of offerings, the lamps, and other temple furniture, may be seen in actual use. We find a shrine containing a "chorten" placed by a devotee before a statue of the Buḍḍha. It will be noticed that this figure has been draped by a votary to show his reverence, and thus to gather merit for his act. Another picture depicts a chorten by itself, giving the details and the jewelled decoration. This picture is of a monastery with a very richly ornamented altar. At the entrance to the hall, on the left, can be seen a holy water vessel, and on the right a utensil known as "the Everlasting Vessel". The latter is filled with consecrated water, which is sprinkled before the God, or over sinful men, by means of the ornamental spray at the top.

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The interior of another monastery shows an altar covered with small votive figures and devil-daggers in the foreground. These pictures may give an idea of the arrangement of these institutions, and the conditions under which these articles of ritual are utilised. There is one of some censers, which shows these picturesque objects being held by priests preparatory to a processional. Another is of a holy water vessel, designed out of the two golden fish, one of the "Eight Glorious Emblems". It is particularly graceful in design and proportions. We see a brass lamp, to be placed before the altar. These lamps are generally burning night and day in the temples. The design of one is very refined, and the ornament is beautifully executed. There is also a conch trumpet, silver mounted, a very handsome musical instrument. These conch trumpets are used in the monasteries to call the lamas to prayer.

The domestic utensils of Tibet, being often seen in private collections, need a reference. The commonest receptacles are the tea, beer, and butter pots, which are often very artistically designed. The tea-pot illustrated is too well known to need description, but genuine specimens are becoming rare in these days. The beer, or "chang" pots, are a little different in design; I photographed a good series in actual use, held by waiting maids, who served at a luncheon party at which I was present in Tibet. When it is realised that the colouring of their ornaments was turquoise, coral, amber, and pearl, it will be understood that it was like being waited on by stained glass windows. One chang-pot is still more elaborately decorated with silver ornament on a copper body.

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In domestic metal work, chiefly in decorated iron, the artisans of a country in Eastern Tibet of the name of Kham have made a considerable reputation. This distant country borders on China, and the designs and workmanship denote no little Chinese influence; but at the same time, like all the arts of Tibet, the Kham work has fundamentally a character of its own. The Khambas are the fighting people of Tibet—I have in mind a typical swash-buckler from this part—and are generally well armed (this individual has two swords and a dagger). In the manufacture of armaments, therefore, the Kham artisans no doubt first distinguished themselves in the preparation of swords, knives, daggers, guns and other weapons of war, in all of which iron played an important part. Then probably in times of peace they turned their attention to tea and beer pots, cup-covers, saddles, etc., all largely carved and hammered out of iron, and these articles are now a feature of the Kham country. A typical specimen is a Kashoo or cup-cover, most elaborately carved out of iron; another is a "chang" pot, artistically inlaid in brass, copper and silver, on a body of iron, with a brass spout and handle.

The jewellery and personal ornaments of the Tibetans, especially of the women, are so profuse as to require special mention. The turquoise is the favourite stone, as all visitors to Darjeeling are aware, and the variety of designs worked out in this artistically coloured mineral are bewildering. These stones are obtained mainly from Persia, the other favourite ornaments being coral, seed-pearls and amber, all of which, it will be noted, are imported from far countries, and hence are of additional value to the

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Tibetan. The colours of all these products are not the least of their attractions, and the Tibetan jewellers work them up into very beautiful combinations which, when worn against a background of Benares "cloth of gold," present a very striking effect. If you meet an aristocratic Tibetan lady in full costume, it will be observed that jewellery plays an important part in the scheme. She wears at least four charm-boxes, and these are undoubtedly the commonest form of personal adornment, as apart from their beauty of design and intrinsic value—largely turquoise set in gold—they have their spiritual and practical use in warding off accidents, illness, and all kinds of evil influences. The back view is almost as ornate as the front, and the lady has to be followed around by an attendant to keep her jewellery in position, and also to arrange it for her according to her movements.

A certain amount of jewellery is also worn by the men, especially by the Khams already mentioned, who deck themselves out with very massive rings. Some of this Tibetan jewellery is, however, of an official character, such as the button on the hat, and the ear-ring, which are often of quaint and elaborate design. The long pendant worn in the left ear is one of the signs of office, and is constructed of a series of turquoise beads with a pearl in the centre. The pear-shaped drop at the lower end in the real article is not a turquoise, as appears at first sight, but a blue glass bead, and unless this is so, the ear-ring is a spurious one, not a proper official badge, but a sham, made up in order to impose on the tourist. His Excellency Lord Carmichael, whose valuable loan collection of jewellery, now exhibited in the Museum, bears witness

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to an extensive knowledge of this subject, informs me that the reason for this combination of turquoise, pearl and glass bead is as follows: All information which finds its way to the ears of the wearer of this official emblem regarding his superiors first concentrates on the ear-ring. Before entering the ear it is purified by passing through the pearl, and the evil information, in the form of dross, drops down through the false bead at the base on to the ground. It has been suggested that this ear-ring, and the system that is connected with it, might be adopted with considerable success in communities other than those of distant Tibet.

Space has only permitted me to bring before you a few of the main aspects of Tibetan art. I trust, however, that I have enabled my readers to form some idea of its general character, and the principal purposes for which it has been produced. Those of us who live in Bengal see much of this art, it is a feature of the bazaars of Darjeeling, and is also very noticeable in local private collections. The Art Section of the Calcutta Museum contains a unique collection of Tibetan workmanship, which is well worthy of study. For those who desire to make a further acquaintance with this subject, I can only recommend a visit to this Museum, which I am sure will cause all those who do so to admire and appreciate the art of Tibet.

Percy Brown

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SONG

MANY tributes life hath brought me,
Lit with loveliness and splendour,
But of gracious gifts and tender
She hath given me none diviner
Than your silver tears of sorrow
For my wild heart's suffering.

Many evils Time hath wrought me,
Of all hope and health bereaving,
But of gifts of joy and grieving
He hath left me none diviner
Than your silver tears of sorrow
For my wild heart's suffering.

SAROJINI NAIDU

[We published in our March issue a little gem called "Ecstasy" by Shrimati Sarojini Naidu. To-day we publish another, "a new song just born—not an hour old," she writes. She has been dangerously ill, but is getting better, and the above is a very early production in a state of consciousness of which she writes: "It seems almost incredible to feel myself alive again."]

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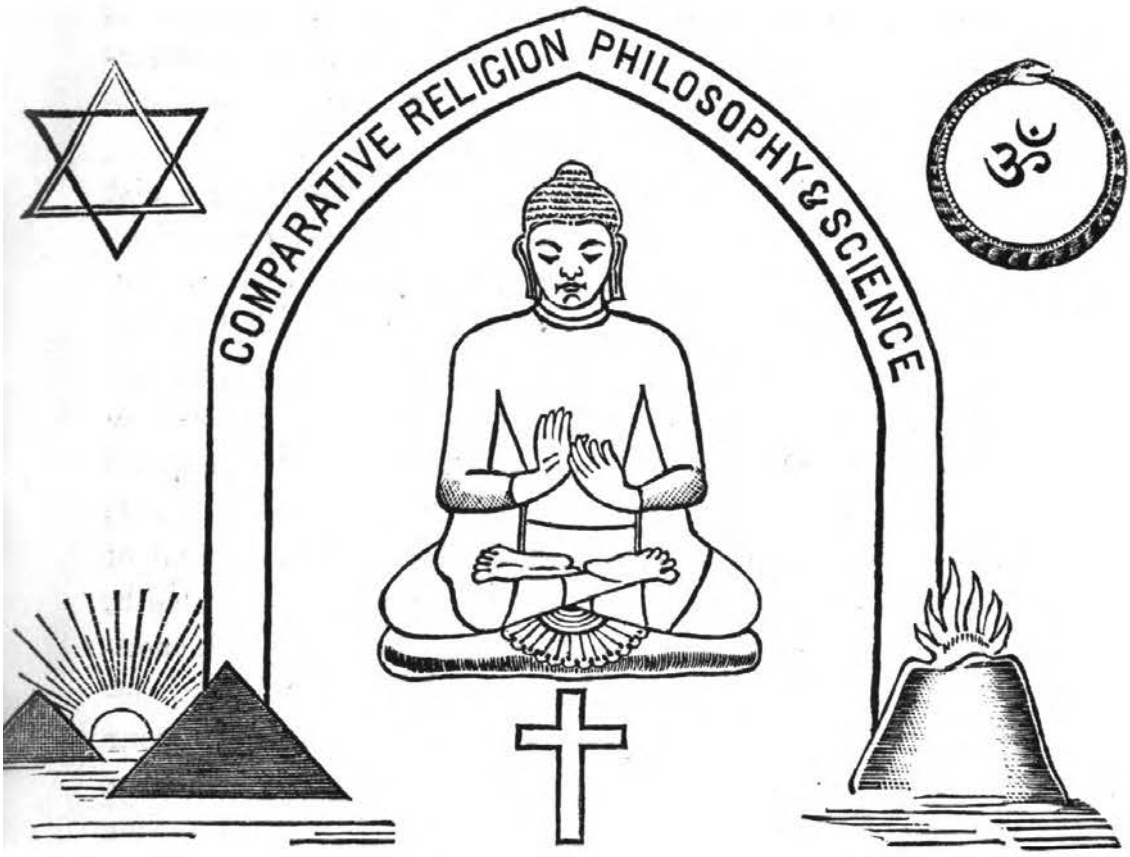

THE METAPHYSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THEOSOPHY

By Bhagavān Ḍās

(*Continued from p. 169.*)

16. The Science and Art of Feeling

OF this Science of the Self, this Science of the Svabhāva underlying and constituting the Universe, a very important and integral part is the Science of

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Bhakṭi, Love Divine; to understand and practise which, it is necessary to study the emotions; for "this constantly changing and moving life that surrounds us is formed by the hearts of men, and as we learn to understand their constitution and meaning, will we grow able by degrees to read the larger word of life".

The modern evolutionist develops all existing social institutions, domestic, political, ecclesiastical, professional, industrial—out of the primitive patriarch-priest-king, with the help of assumptions of *emotions* and their expressions, continually at work. These are allowed even in the lower animals. Herbert Spencer describes how "on the approach of some formidable Newfoundland or mastiff, a small spaniel, in the extremity of its *terror*, throws itself on its back with legs in the air. Instead of *threatening* resistance, by growls and showing of teeth, as it might have, had not resistance been *hopeless*, it spontaneously assumes the attitude that would result from defeat in battle; tacitly saying 'I am conquered, and at your *mercy*'. Clearly then, besides certain modes of behaviour expressing *affection*, which are established still earlier in creatures lower than man, there are established certain modes of behaviour expressing *subjection*." The italicised words name the emotions assumed. So peace, defiance, arrogance, civility, respect, self-restraint, propitiativeness, rudeness, insubordination, desires, passions, maternal feeling, sex-feeling, wish to be liked, maternal yearning, humility, love, favour, prayer, sympathy, submission, grief, gaiety, imitation, fear, deception, independence, callousness, etc., are the words indicative of emotions which are abundantly used by the evolutionists, and the existence of these emotions is constantly taken for granted by them and employed to explain

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developments step by step, without any attempt to explain the genesis and evolution of the emotions themselves. Also, somehow, the worse emotions are magnified and the better ones minimised in these explanations—possibly because of the rooted feeling that they belong more naturally to earlier "animal-like" and "savage" conditions, and of the persistent notion, we may almost say bias, that civilisation has grown up out of savagery. The idea that savagedom may be a condition of degeneracy from older civilisations, while not wholly repudiated, is allowed somewhat reluctantly in a few unmistakable cases. The analogy of a human family, wherein three or four generations might be living simultaneously, all the members at very different stages of individual development, is not utilised sufficiently in interpreting the facts of the sociological history of the Human Race as a whole; nor is the primitive and innocent "savage," corresponding to the childhood of the individual, sufficiently distinguished from the degenerate and cruel savage, corresponding to other and less healthy stages in the life of the individual, though recognition is undoubtedly growing of the two distinct kinds of "savages," *viz.*, the primitive and the degenerate. *The Secret Doctrine* supplies the needed corrections on this point, as stated before. A study of the psychology of the emotions helps us to understand in what ways the less healthy conditions arise, and how they may be treated, from stage to stage of the individual as well as the racial life, so as to minimise pains and magnify pleasures, and enable the wheel of each cycle to run smoothly in its appointed course. We need no proof that the family, the clan, the tribe, the race,

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has its root and source in the emotions of love, and all integrations of individuals and groups and organised societies and nations are ultimately due to the emotions of sympathy and mutual helpfulness; while *per contra*, partitions, separations, dispersals, wars, destructions and dissolutions of the same are due to the emotions of antipathy and discordant selfishness. It behoves us, therefore, if we wish to promote the cause of co-operation and peaceful progress, carefully to sort out all the emotions which help it on from those which hinder it.

Modern psychology, apparently, continues to believe that each emotion or feeling is something *sui generis*, that an organic connection between emotion and emotion is not traceable, that it is vain to try to reduce any one into terms of any other, and that a classification of these mental phenomena that is genuine, genetic, and not arbitrary, is impossible.

But this is not the view of the ancient Indian thinkers. They classify all the emotions into two groups, rāga and ḍvesha, love and hate, sympathy and antipathy, like and dislike. There is not space, and this is not the occasion, to go into details. We must confine ourselves to the barest possible sketch, leaving the reader to pursue the study, if he cares to, in works specially dealing with this subject and included in Theosophical literature.

Sympathy, love, attraction, liking, as has been generally observed, go with pleasure; hate, dislike, repulsion, antipathy, with pain. The *Yoga-Sūṭras* III, 7, 8) expressly state this; so also does the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* indicate this in many verses (III, 34 and others).

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To understand what pleasure and pain are, we have to go to those ultimates of the universe, the Self and the Not-Self, which cannot be explained away, nor explained into anything simpler, but which explain all else. In the words of Manu (IV, 160), to feel the power of the Self is pleasure, to feel the power of another-than-Self is pain. The feeling of the "moreness," the expansion, of the Self, is the feeling of pleasure. The feeling of the "lessness," the contraction, of the Self, is the feeling of pain. This is so true that psychophysicists have observed "that pleasantness is attended by increase of bodily volume, due to the expansion of arteries running just beneath the skin . . . . Unpleasantness is accompanied by the reverse phenomena." (Titchener, *An Outline of Psychology,* 1902, ch. V. p. 118.) The instinct of language correctly describes faces as expanding into a smile and contracting into a frown.

These forces of attraction and repulsion, in their simplest elemental forms, are the appetite for food and the turning away from what is not such or the reverse of such. In their more complex and higher forms they become love and hate proper, as between individual and individual, and no longer between individual and food. The ultimate fact is the same, that all likes and dislikes, whether for articles of food and poison or friends and enemies, are forms of desire, the desire for Self-maintenance, Self-realisation. But inasmuch as the Self has a lower aspect—that wherein it has identified itself with one particular limited physical body and become a separate individual, and a higher aspect —that wherein it ensouls all physical bodies and is one and common in all, therefore complications arise and

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appetites become transformed into emotions. There is no reason for the progenitive instinct except that the Unlimited One Self cannot be cribbed, cabined and confined in one small piece of matter, but ever seeks to assert its Infinity by multiplication. There is no reason for the parental instinct of protecting the young, except that the Self of the parents is preserving *itself* in the progeny. All unselfish love in all its shapes is the light and glory of the One Self. At the same time, in order that even such spiritual Love may have an opportunity for manifestation, there must be material coefficients, bodies; and so, even such love cannot be wholly dissociated from a certain minimum of that selfish desire which preserves one's own body. But the two are as the ends of a see-saw. When selfish love is strongest, impersonal or unselfish love is at its lowest; not wholly absent even then; for the cruelest tyrant wishes to keep the slave alive to give opportunity for the exercise of his unchecked will upon him. Briefly, when we find that our being, our life, is enhanced by another *individual*, directly or indirectly, we feel the *emotion* of love. And on the other hand, when it is diminished and reduced, we feel hate towards him.

Analysing in more detail, we find that love implies: (1) That "contact," in the most general sense, with an object, has at some time been found to result in pleasure. (2) That there is a memory of this past fact. (3) That there is an expectation of a similar pleasure occurring in the future on the contact being repeated. (4) That there is a desire for such pleasure and such repetition of contact and association, and (5) That while contact and association are possible, an

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absolute union or absorption is not. Where such absorption is possible, as between feeder and food, the desire remains as desire only. It does not advance to the condition of emotion proper, which is the attitude of one living individual towards another living individual. Such individuals can enhance each other's personal being, *i. e.*, each other's bodily life, only indirectly by various kinds of services and attentions.

Hate may be analysed similarly.

If this analysis is correct, then we may define emotion briefly as the desire of one individual to associate with or dissociate from another individual, combined with an intellectual cognition of the other individual's ability to help or hinder his well-being. As the first subdivision of emotion in general, we find that where the cognition is one of helpfulness we have love; where it is of hindrance we have hate.

At the next step, for further subdivisions, the word *ability* gives us the clue. The ability of the other individual may be superior to one's own, or equal, or inferior.

On the side of love then, where we have the consciousness of equality, we have affection, or love proper. Where we have the consciousness that the other is superior, we feel reverence. Where we know the other to be inferior, we feel benevolence.

So on the side of hate, we have hate proper, or anger, fear and scorn.

These may be regarded as the six principal emotions, the psychical forces, by the interplay of which between individuals, the various sociological institutions are evolved, and which, by action and reaction amongst themselves, develop the most subtle and elusive forms

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and phases of sentiments and feelings appertaining to the complex forms of "civilised" life, and the very varied and artificial relations of human beings brought about by such.

Thus we may readily distinguish grades and degrees under each of these six: *e.g.*, respect, esteem, admiration, reverence, adoration, worship, under the one sub-head of love towards the superior; or superciliousness, contempt, scorn, disdain, etc. under that of hate towards the inferior.

It will be found on examination that all possible emotions can be analysed into shades and mixtures of these primary ones combined with differences in that framework of intellectual or cognitional ideas which is an essential factor of their composition. Thus jealousy is repulsion felt by one individual towards another, plus the consciousness of a possible or even probable superiority of a special kind thereof, which superiority will enable that person to gain exclusively and appropriate for himself something which is desired by both.

Wonder is attraction, the desire to approach, to imitate, plus the consciousness of the superior greatness of the object in some unexpected and extraordinary respect or degree, and of the uncertainty of one's ability to so approach or imitate him. The extraordinariness is the cause of the uncertainty. The physical manifestation is a general expansion of the features, open eyes, open mouth, "wide-eyed wonder"—consequent on the feeling of pleasure, accompanied by the arrest of motion—"standing stock-still," "struck dumb,"—which corresponds naturally to the uncertainty above mentioned. In the case of the emotion expressed by such a

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phrase as: "I am lost in wonder at your audacity," the wonder may be genuine, when the above analysis will apply, or ironical; and then, in the analysis, repulsion should replace attraction, such wonder being a form of scorn, the superior greatness and extraordinariness being in a respect which the utterer considers evil. Disgust is fear in some respects, plus scorn in others.

Vanity, by ordinary usage, is something reprehensible. Yet it is a sentiment on the side of attraction. It is love for the sake of being loved more. It is the wish to please in order to obtain more pleasure in return. That the word has acquired evil associations is due to two causes. Even when vanity is "innocent or childlike," it is an object of contempt to unloving and hard and egoistic individuals; and secondly, the word is sometimes used in a different sense altogether, as a form of pride, a different emotion. Shame may be said to be vanity, plus the consciousness of something in oneself which takes away the power of pleasing others so as to attract them.

These few illustrations must suffice here to indicate that all emotions are capable of reduction into terms of love and hate, and none is *sui generis* except these two.

From the above it follows that the virtues and vices of mankind are only the emotions become fixed and wide-reaching. The emotion of love, originally aroused from time to time, and finding vent in helping a small circle, spouse, children, parents, relations, friends, when it becomes a settled habit, and is felt as a continual undercurrent of "feeling-tone" in the consciousness towards all with whom the individual comes into contact, and even towards those who are absent, and ultimately

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for the whole of creation, becomes that altruism which is the sum-total of all the virtues. So repulsion becomes egoism, that selfishness which is the essence of all vices. To each emotion will be found a corresponding virtue or vice. Very often language gives the same name to the temporary and fleeting aspect as well as to the more permanent one. Parental love, aroused and exercised from time to time, becomes confirmed into persistent benevolence to the weak. Thankfulness and appreciation, often brought into play, settle down into a habit of seriousness and earnest aspiration, and the chivalrous virtue of reverence for all that is good and great. So, on the other side, passing fits of anger or scorn, becoming habitual, make up the vice of peevishness or malevolence, or that shallow mockery which is " the fume of little minds ".

Having thus, all too cursorily, seen that the emotions are the material of which are made up the virtues and the vices which develop and determine the happiness, or otherwise, of all social conditions, institutions, organisations, we ought next to consider what laws govern the mutual action and reaction, the mutual origination and evocation of these emotions. For only when we have determined these laws shall we have in our possession an organon of education, for the deliberate cultivation, governance and elimination, of good, useful and evil emotions respectively.

Observation shows that amongst average individuals, in whom neither selfishness nor unselfishness is unmistakably pronounced and predominant, " Emotions tend to create their own likeness " (using " likeness " to mean another emotion, *on the same side*, out of the two main categories). Love will produce love;

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anger, anger; pride, pride; fear, fear; distrust, distrust; and so on between "equal" individuals. If they are unequal, scorn will beget fear, and fear scorn; compassion will generate gratitude and reverence, and reverence compassion; and so on.

But when an individual is predominantly selfish, over-firmly set on the Path of Pursuit of things worldly and material, the Pravṛṭṭi-Mārga, then emotions in another, whether of the love side or of the hate side, will tend to arouse in himself corresponding emotions of his own side and nature, *viz.*, the hate side. Thus humility, accompanying weakness and prayer, will arouse that contempt which distorts and perverts the benevolent word "pitiable" into the scornful word "pitiful"; compassionate greatness will breed awed fear and distrust and suspicion; the advances of love cause repulsion and anger. And much more so, of course, the emotions of the same evil kind, in another, will arouse evil ones in him.

On the other hand, when the individual has consciously or subconsciously passed on to the Path of Renunciation of worldliness, Nivṛṭṭi, self-sacrifice, unselfishness, then even the evil emotions of another, and much more the good ones, will arouse in him only corresponding good emotions. Fear will arouse compassion and the effort to reassure and soothe and help; pride will evoke the sad humility of friendliness, or a quietly smiling and paternal benevolence; anger and irritation will evoke only more gentle patience and friendliness and effort to appease; and so on. These laws can be worked out into the minutest details and correspondences.

Bhagavān Ḍās

(*To be concluded*)

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THE DIVINE MAN

By C. F. HOLLAND

WHAT right have I to speak of the Divine Man? What can I know of Him? Who is He? Where does He reside? What is His occupation? What is His relationship to me? And then who am I?

If I were endeavouring to be strictly scientific and to use Theosophical terms, I would speak of the Divine Man as the Monad, or perhaps regard him as the triple Spirit, that expression of the Monad, Ātma-Buḍḍhi-Manas, and speak of him as the Ego.

To me these terms always seemed to describe or name something separated from myself, something far away, apart from and beyond me, something I never can become.

I want to feel I am near this Divine Man, that there is something in me that responds to His call, that I am in some poor way a slight expression of some of His divinity; that my will is in some unaccountable way His will; my love His love, and my wisdom His wisdom, and that what I am of these may grow into greater and greater expression, until there is no will but His will, no love but His love, no wisdom but His wisdom, and that the time may come when I may verily say I am one with Him and He with me.

I would like to feel that I am as the outer court of some sacred temple wherein all knowledge and all

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virtue abide, that the great portal of the temple will some day open and the wall that divides the temple from the court will disappear, and the court and the temple will become one structure.

I awake to consciousness in a world of material forms, all composed of matter—matter manifesting in diversity, and with different qualities, yet in reality but one substance, permeated with One Life. I distinguish these forms as separate from the form I call myself, and which I endeavour to control. I am aware of what seems to be I and not I, but I find no permanence; all is constant, ceaseless, endless change. Even in myself I realise there is no stay of this universal movement.

The morrow panders to my senses, promises pleasures permanent and real, but the morrow is delayed and the promise deferred. The pleasures, still just as alluring, recede as the time for their enjoyment approaches. I pursue them with the same energy, full of expectation, but ever and again they elude me. If I am allowed to approach near, they seem to fade, and I am fascinated with brighter colours just beyond, and these too fade in their turn and yield me no satisfaction.

I stand within the garden fair
And pluck the red, red rose.
The ripened fruit hangs low for me
And there I seek repose.

A worm destroys the blossoms fair,
The luscious fruits decay.
My bower of roses turns to thorns
And stings me where I lay.

And thus I see these pleasures, which
Earth places at my feet,
All fade away as I approach;
My joys are incomplete.

What is this in the nature of things that leads me on to expectation; that sports with my credulity; that

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mocks me, while giving no satisfaction; that leads me to expect even more, if I can continue the pursuit? What have I gained by this continuous effort which leads only to disappointment? What is the object of all this deception? Are there no imperishable realities? Nothing above or beyond this sensuous material world of changing forms that I can hold fast to; that can speak to me in some language that I can understand?

If I listen to a Presence from within, and hear that inaudible whisper of the solitude coming from nowhere, yet from everywhere, that speaks not to the dull ear of the senses, but communes with the living, throbbing Presence that seems to dwell deep-seated and enthroned in the heart of my being, a monarch that rules and even chooses his own destiny; then the landscape, the glorious sunset, the majestic snow-capped mountain, the woods, the river, the restless ocean, lend enchantment deep and lasting.

Without the consciousness of this brooding Presence and without the ability to respond, the most glorious sunset is but a patchwork of clouds and sky; the mountains but a huge pile of rock, the ocean but an expanse of waste; but when I can attune myself to the harmony of this Divine Spirit, this World-Mother, then matter and form lose hold upon me and I rise to a different world, a world where the meanest thing inspires me to search for and find its purpose in the divine plan, a world radiant with light and life, a world of perfection that knows neither deformity nor pain, a world that knows no sacrifice, for the finite only can suffer.

Who is this "I," that senses this infinity in calm repose, that beholds these ineffable glories that before

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have been invisible to the senses and now impose themselves upon me with such imperious authority that all else seems as darkness; this "I" that in some indescribable way seems to be a part of the great universal All, encompassing it all at one and the same time, and yet seems to be my very self, expanded a thousand times greater than the "I" that I had been before; this "I" that in all the past seemed to reside in silence and darkness, and has allowed the man of flesh to assume the rôle of the one in authority and boastfully contend that his jurisdiction included the full scope of his being, and now suddenly descends into me from I know not whence, so that I comprehend and become aware of a greater "I," an "I" who transcends and sports with time and space, whose consciousness expands until it seems to reach the uttermost heights and depths, embracing all, with its centre everywhere, whose consciousness recognises a great universal World-Mother, beneficent, protecting and with loving tenderness brooding over her children everywhere and in everything? Let me describe her as she appears to me by a vision that seems to feel and know rather than see.

And her mighty brooding presence
I can feel where'er I go;
In the stars I read her message
As she smiles on me below.

To my soul she sings an anthem,
Universal love divine,
Till the world seems filled with music,
Melody of life sublime.

In the whispering pines I hear her,
And in the gurgling springs,
In the zephyr's softest sighing,
Hear the rustle of her wings.

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In the silence of the twilight
When the evening star appears,
If I listen I can hear her
In the music of the spheres.

I must assume that the consciousness that recognises this Divine Mother in nature must be of her kindred, and can be no other than her Divine Son, and if so, then the Divine Man.

This must be so, for divinity knows its own and appeals to its own and is comprehended only by its own. In vain would I attempt to describe the Divine Man as in some way different from the man of clay. How shall I distinguish him, so that you may recognise him should you chance to meet? In physical appearance He is not more beautiful, His bearing more noble or His mind more brilliant. By the man of commerce and trade He will probably be considered dull and uninteresting. These are games at which He has long since ceased to play, except as necessity requires. He has abandoned that field to those whose vision of the universe is measured by their power of response to sensation. His vision expands beyond or lies within, as it were, and words and language are poor and inadequate means to describe the glories of the world He feels and knows.

Conscious that He has drawn near to the heart of being, His direction is ever onward, and with an overpowering desire that others may share the bliss that sweeps over his being, His prayer is for strength that He may in some way be of service to them; and His prayer always is:

May I be strong to dare,
And daring, face the sneers of men,
The ridicule, the lies, and then
Keep faith with self, the truth command,
Knowing they do not understand.

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May I be strong to serve,
And serving, may I help to bear
Each weary pilgrim's load of care.
And may I comfort those who mourn,
And heal each bleeding heart that's torn.

May I be strong to will,
And willing, may His will be done.
So may my will with His be one,
And with His strength strong may I be
To love and serve humanity.

May I be strong to love,
And loving, though not loved, or when
In anger I'm reviled of men,
May I return to each goodwill,
Forgive the wrong and love them still.

Thus I have tried to draw a pen picture of the Divine Man as to me it would seem He must be, and as I seem to sense Him, as it were, in a glass darkly; and this Divine Man is no other than the Higher Self.

The most glorious reality of it all is the full knowledge that by constant effort in the service of humanity and by continuous study and meditation I too may rise above the personal self, with its unsatisfied desires and longings, to the realm of reality, and submit to the conscious control of this Higher Self who dwells near the heart of being, conscious of its own divinity, where all is seen as ever existing in perfection, one continuous day, the past and the present blended in the Eternal Now, where death does not exist.

But the end is not yet. Progress must be eternal. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

C. F. Holland

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NIRVĀṆA

By D. S. S. WICKREMERATNE

NIRVAṆA, the *summum bonum* of the Buḍḍhists, is a subject that has baffled not only many of the best intellects of Our Lord's age, but also most of those after Him up to the present day. The sublimity of the subject has driven many a person to pass his own verdict that Nirvāṇa is "annihilation," and therefore should be rejected. On the contrary many have understood it and reaped its benefit, from kings down to the lowest labourer; men, women and children; as it is the most acceptable condition of everlasting Peace. We have to-day some five hundred millions, or nearly one-third of the estimated population of the globe, making every endeavour, making every sacrifice, towards its consummation; and at the same time non-Buḍḍhists are exhibiting their ignorance of the subject in some form or other. Nirvāṇa is a discovery made by the Lord Buḍḍha at the sacred Bo-Tree at Buḍḍha Gaya, 2,500 years ago, and is quite unique in the history of religions.

Before any enquiry is instituted as to what Nirvāṇa is like, it will be necessary to know the religious thought of the world at the time this marvellous discovery was made; which religious thought, on comparison, will offer no contrast to that of the present age.

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For the adherents of all the religious schools of the world were then, as now, groping after what is called " Everlasting Happiness " by pursuing the two extremes of self-mortification on the one hand and sense pleasures on the other. It is not easy to understand what self-mortification is, unless one goes to India, and personally sees the efforts made there to subjugate the mind by torturing the body. As regards the efforts made to subjugate the mind by means of sense pleasures, for the glory of an imaginary Maker, we have object lessons before us in Ceylon itself.

Prince Siḍḍhārṭha, the son of King Shuḍḍhoḍana and Queen Māyā, the Crown Prince of the Shākyas of India, had the full advantage of the enjoyment of sense pleasures. He had the best of palaces for the various seasons of the year; He had the richest of food, He had the best raiment, chariots and horses; He had the loveliest Princess as wife, and, last but not least, the sweetest son. But in spite of all these things that are popularly called happinesses, He discovered that these enjoyments are vulgar and base and contemptible. And on renouncing these He underwent a course of severe self-mortification for a long period of six years under the guidance of ascetics. He discovered that the system of finding Peace through penances is a torturing, anārya, senseless and hopeless task; and therefore He adopted the Middle Path of neither self-mortification nor sense pleasures, as the surest course for self-discipline, and ultimately discovered the *Four Noble Truths* in which the whole of Buḍḍhism is embodied. The Four Noble Truths include the *Noble Eightfold Path*, which on close examination will show metaphorically the disease, the cause of the

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disease, the remedy, and the healthy condition obtained by the cure. Let us therefore take the Eightfold Path *seriatim*, and examine why we are existing, what is the cause of the existence, whether there is an escape, and how we are to escape.

First. *Right Belief*, divided into four heads:

1. Knowledge of the Truth of the existence of sorrow.
2. Knowledge of the Truth of the cause of sorrow.
3. Knowledge of the Truth of the cessation of sorrow.
4. Knowledge of the Truth of the way to the cessation of sorrow.

Second. *Right Thought*, divided into three heads:

1. Thought of leaving the householder's life and joining the Priesthood.
2. Thought of removing all hatred to others and of being pleased at their prosperity.
3. Thought of extending mercy to others and helping them.

Third. *Right Speech*, divided into four heads:

1. Not to tell lies.
2. Not to carry tales to set man against man.
3. Not to speak harsh words.
4. Not to gossip.

Fourth. *Right Action*, divided into three heads:

1. Not to kill.
2. Not to steal.
3. Not to commit adultery, nor to take intoxicants.

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Fifth. *Right Livelihood*, divided into two heads:

1. If a priest, to obtain one's living without violating the precepts.
2. If a layman, to earn one's livelihood by just means, in accordance with the precepts, and without lending oneself to the objectionable five trades.

Sixth. *Right Exertion*, divided into four heads:

1. To abstain from new sins.
2. To get rid of sins already committed, by repenting.
3. To perform new meritorious deeds.
4. To continue to perform good deeds already done.

Seventh. *Right Remembrance*, divided into four heads.

1. To remember the impurities of the physical body.
2. To remember the impermanence of pleasures.
3. To remember the nature of the mind.
4. To remember the pros and cons of the thoughts emanating from the mind.

Eighth. *Right Concentration of Thought*, divided into five heads.

1. To concentrate into the First Ḍhyāna.
2. To concentrate into the Second Ḍhyāna.
3. To concentrate into the Third Ḍhyāna.
4. To concentrate into the Fourth Ḍhyāna.
5. To concentrate into the Fifth Ḍhyāna.

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It requires no argument to prove that we have experienced, and are daily experiencing, the pangs of birth, decay, sickness, death; pangs of mind, pains of body; weeping, lamentation, separation from those dear; forced association with the wicked, hoping against despair, and possession of the Skandhas (the material and immaterial body)—which twelve kinds of sorrow our Lord attributes to the result of our past deeds, called Karma Vipāka; and we can see that the cause of existence is unsatisfied selfish desire, called *Ṭanhā*. Therefore the escape from the above-mentioned sorrows is *Nirvāṇa*, and the remedy is the Noble Eightfold Path. Existence, therefore,—either as the most powerful King or the lowest beggar in the terrestrial globe, or as a Ḍeva in the celestial globe, or as a Brahmā with body but without consciousness in the Rūpa abode, or a Brahmā with consciousness but without body in the Arūpa abode, or as a being in the infernal abode called hell, or as beasts, birds, fishes, etc., in the animal kingdom, or as Preṭas, Pishāchas, and Asuras, called Elementals, occupying Space—is sorrow and nothing but sorrow; as such existence is attended with the necessary sequences of decay, sickness, death, etc., or in popular parlance, the "gnashing of teeth".

Why was it that Our Lord underwent so many pangs and sufferings during six years of His last valuable life, apart from the countless previous lives, to discover the cause of sorrow? Because the ignorance of the people was so great that they never knew that the Eye, the Ear, the Nose, the Tongue, the Body, and the Mind, on which they are spending all their riches, are always feeding on Objects, Sound, Smell, Taste,

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Touch, and Thoughts respectively (like the rope binding together a serpent, fox, ape, crocodile and kite, who struggle to get into their respective abodes by moving in different directions, tightening the rope more and more till exhausted to death), with the result that ten great obstacles to advancement, called Sanyojanas or Fetters, are engendered, *viz.*: (1) Sakkāyadiṭṭhi (Delusion of self), (2) Vichikichchha (Doubt), (3) Sīlabbataparāmāsa (Dependence on superstitious rites), (4) Kāmarāga (Sensuality), (5) Paṭigha (Hatred), (6) Rūparāga (Love of life on earth), (7) Arūparāga (Desire for life in heaven), (8) Māna (Pride), (9) Uddhachcha (Self-righteousness), (10) Avijjā (Ignorance).

So the Buḍḍha saw that so long as man exists, these fetters will toss him in the sea of Sansāra (Birth and Death), as a vessel without a rudder dashing on this or that rock of sorrow. He tells us: "Look round and see how you are entwined; here is the knife of the Eightfold Path; cut off strenuously the fetters, and escape from sorrow. Just as an able physician in the case of a serious sickness stops all rich food and places the patient on a low diet, adjusts the rooms and surroundings, and treats the patient with medicines, so that the patient's life may be saved, so be a physician unto yourself and be cured, and reach Nirvāṇa."

Of the ten fetters, the first three must be rent to gain an insight into Nirvāṇa; and wherever Nirvāṇa is not understood, these three first Fetters will be responsible for obstructing the vision. Now let us examine what they are.

The first is Sakkāyaḍiṭṭhi. What is Sakkāyadiṭṭhi or the Delusion of self? If any one considers that (1)

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the physical body (Rūpa) has a soul, or (2) the soul has a body, or (3) the body exists because of the soul, or (4) the soul exists because of the body, then he is said to possess Delusion of self as regards Rūpa. So also are the delusions of self as regards Sensation (Vedanā), Abstract Ideas (Saññā), Tendencies of Mind (Sankhārā), Mental Powers or Consciousness (Viññāna)—in all twenty aspects of the five Skandhas, which alone form the physical, mental and intellectual man, and nothing more.

The second is Vichikichchhā. What is Vichikichchhā or Doubt? (1) Doubt of Buḍḍha, (2) Doubt of the Ḍharma which He preached, (3) Doubt of the Āryasaṅgha or the Noble Brotherhood, (4) Doubt as to past existences, (5) Doubt as to future existences, (6) Doubt as to both past and future existences, (7) Doubt of the efficacy of the precepts laid down by the Lord, (8) Doubt of Patichchha Samuppāda Ḍharma or the law of origination and change concerning the processes of life.

The third is Sīlabbataparāmāsa. There is no difficulty in understanding this; any belief that Nirvāṇa can be obtained by observing any rules of conduct foreign to Buḍḍhism comes under this Fetter.

Strict adherence to the Eightfold Path is absolutely necessary to break these three Fetters, when follows the attainment of the First Stage of Nirvāṇa called *Sohan*. Later and in due course come the stages of *Sakadāgāmi*, *Anāgāmi* and *Arhaṭ*, when all the remaining Fetters must necessarily give way.

Now we come to the question: Where is Nirvāṇa? It is not a place, where many a religious man may wish to have his room numbered; and in the words of

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Nagasena Thera to the greatest controversialist of the period, King Milinda, it is not in the East, West, North or South, Up or Down, but it is where the precept is observed. That is the explanation which Our Lord gave to Subhaḍra.

Then comes the question: What is Nirvāṇa? The popular Samskṛṭ word Nirvāṇa, or its Pāli equivalent Nibbāna, implies the snapping of a cord (of Ṭanhā or Thirst for Life), or escape from a noose (of Ṭanhā). Man is dragged in the sea of Sansāra by the cord of Ṭanhā; you snap it, and there is Nirvāṇa. Is it existence, within the comprehension of the man in the street, or is it annihilation? It is neither the one nor the other. Here lies the dilemma in which sceptics get themselves fixed; this is the labyrinth in which many a critic loses his way; and, indeed, the Lord Himself found it difficult to make the ordinary masses comprehend it without stories and parables.

Nirvāṇa is not existence in the ordinary sense of the word, and to believe the Buḍḍha to have denounced existence as sorrow and then to suppose Him to have said that Nirvāṇa is a blissful *existence* is a contradiction in terms. Whereas the Buḍḍha says that if anyone believes that Nirvāṇa is existence, it is heresy.

Then is it annihilation? It is not. There too the Buḍḍha says that it is heresy to believe that Nirvāṇa is annihilation. And in view of the fact that Nirvāṇa is attained on this side of the grave and not after, it is preposterous to suppose that it means annihilation to attain it; for if an individual attains an annihilation state within the corporeal body, he should, on attaining such a Nirvāṇa, drop down dead, as if struck by a bolt from

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the blue; whereas the singing of praises of the happiness that comes to an Arhaṭ in his mortal coil, conclusively proves that Nirvāṇa is a complete, blissful state, which is no other than the complete cessation of the fire of Ṭanhā, and therefore the surrendering of all that constitutes the formation of anything that is brought within the influence of the Law of Karma, and therefore the complete outwitting of birth and its concomitant appendages and corollaries—decay, sickness, death and innumerable other sufferings—not in one, but in a countless number of lives. In short, it is a state beyond the operation of the laws of nature, and beyond the influence of the Ḍhāṭus or categories, whether instituted, as some say and Buḍḍhists deny, by gods, Brahma-ḍevas, or Māras. Is it not, I ask you, happiness?

If you are never to come back into mundane existence, is it not, I ask you, everlasting? It is true that there is no singing and dancing to glorify the Buḍḍha, but it is perfect peace, and it is therefore properly termed Nibbānasampadā.

Numerous instances can be quoted where the physical body was thrown away with the singing of praises on entering into Nirvāṇa, which conclusively proves that Nirvāṇa is no annihilation but freedom from sorrow. Take the case of Ṭathāgaṭa Himself. On the day in which He entered Parinirvāṇa, He walked peacefully to His death-bed and lay peacefully on the couch prepared for Him, gave the last counsel to His disciples and enquirers; and bidding farewell, He entered into the first, second, third, fourth, fifth Ḍhyāna, and again from the fifth to the fourth, third, second and first Ḍhyāna, and so on for some time; and

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then left the mortal body. Then again His first disciple, Sāriputta, obtained permission from the Lord, went to his parents and, on his death-bed, converted them and entered into Nirvāṇa. His second disciple, Moggallana, went to the Lord, and having shown Him, at His request, Iddhi or miraculous powers, entered into Nirvāṇa. And so too the Arhaṭ Queen Yashoḍhara, and many others.

Our Lord's Ḍharma denounces, as stated in the early stage of this paper, the two extremes of sense-indulgence and self-mortification, but teaches the mild doctrine of the Middle Path; it is therefore rational that the final goal should be a middle ending, neither a sense glorification nor an annihilation, but a subtle acquisition, which anyone who cannot understand "*Na ca so na ca aññs*" (not the same nor yet another), as applied even to a living being, will find it difficult to comprehend. But if you observe first the simple Five Precepts, they will eventually lead you to the Noble Eight-fold Path; if you try to understand what the Ten Fetters are, and rend them there and then, then alone will you comprehend what Nirvāṇa is. Then you will feel that you are free from the following impurities or vices:

(1) *Mackcko*, Vice of disparaging the known virtues of others.
(2) *Palaso*, Vice of envying those who are more virtuous than oneself.
(3) *Issa*, Vice of hating others' property.
(4) *Machcheriya*, Vice of hoping that one alone may prosper and not others.
(5) *Maya*, Vice of hiding one's faults and trying to appear virtuous.
(6) *Sateyya*, Vice of trickishness.

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(If you are free from these vices, then know that you have attained the First Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Sohan.*)

(7) *Patigha*, Control of indifference.

(8) *Kodho*, Control of hatred.

(If you have conquered these vices, then know that you have attained the Second Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Sakadāgāmi.*)

(9) *Patigha*, Complete eradication of indifference.

(10) *Kodho*, Complete eradication of hatred.

(11) *Upanaha*, Attachment.

(12) *Pamādo*, Delay or procrastination.

(If you are free from these vices, then know that you have attained the Third Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Anāgāmi.*)

(13) *Abijjā*, Coveting others' riches.

(14) *Thambo*, Stubbornness, reluctance to yield to good advice.

(15) *Sarambo*, Refusal to obey those who should be obeyed.

(16) *Aitmāna*, Great pride.

(17) *Mada*, Pride in birth, youth, health, virtue, knowledge, etc.

(If you are free from these vices then know that you have attained the Fourth and the last Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Arhaṭ.*)

Thus you will see that the above seventeen vices are inherent in man, and that they cause all troubles in the world—Anarchism, Nihilism, Socialism, Liberalism, Conservatism, Toryism, Strikes, Bombs, Wars, Treasons, Disloyalty, and a thousand and one other things. So long as you allow them to continue in the undisturbed possession of man, you will find bloodshed and horror,

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and the rotatory movement through endless lives; but once they are attacked at their root, with your own exertion, by closely following one of the many methods laid down by the Lord, you begin to realise that man is composed of the Five Skandhas—Rūpa (material qualities), Vedanā (sensation), Saññā (abstract ideas), Sankhārā (tendencies of mind), Viññāna (mental powers and consciousness), and that they are again divided into four Ḍhāṭus, called earth, air, fire and water, and that the combination of these Skandhas produce the above-mentioned vices (Kleshas). When every energy is engendered to subjugate them by practising Ḍāna (giving), Shīla (virtue), and Bhāvanā (meditation), the result is that man enters the Sohan stage; when the tendency to commit the five sins—killing, thieving, adultery, lying, and taking intoxicants—is completely subjugated, the individual crosses the sea of Sansāra (Birth and Death) within seven more lives as a man or Ḍeva. Then inevitably follows Sakadāgami, with one more life in the human kingdom, and Anāgami without returning to earth again, and the final stage of Arhaṭ will exterminate the future worldly life, and the saint will enter in the same life that blissful state of Peace—Nirvāṇa. When the following six Abhiññas, or the Great Powers of Perception which are generated at the attainment of Sohan, are in the later stages fully developed, *viz*: 1. Power of seeing objects, however distant, whenever necessary; 2. Power of hearing sounds, however distant, whenever necessary; 3. Power of reading others' thoughts; 4. Power of looking into a past chain of lives; 5. Power of attaining Iddhis or supernatural powers; 6. Power of expelling sins; —then the saint comes to Nirvāṇa.

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On the other hand, if Nirvāṇa is examined without taking into consideration the why and the wherefore of its necessity, this can be compared to a man in a dark, closed room in Colombo attempting to see the Daladā Māligāwa (Tooth Relic Temple) of Kandy. For unless he goes with the help of a guide to the nearest railway station, buys a ticket to Kandy, and enters the proper train, his task will be a hopeless one.

I have explained the subject as briefly as possible, though it requires a more exhaustive explanation. I hope that at no distant date we, one and all, will break off the trammels of the world and attain that Beatitude—which all Buddhas, Pachchekabuddhas and Arhaṭs have extolled and entered into with all pomp and all glory—*Nirvāṇa.*

D. S. S. Wickremeratne

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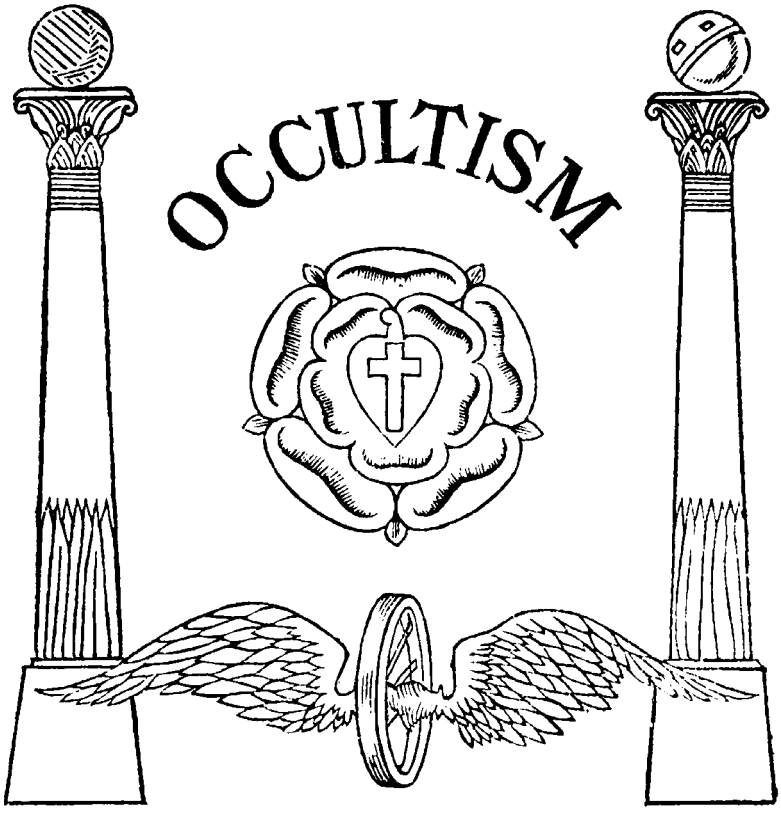

SIR THOMAS MORE, KNIGHT—A STUDY

By FRITZ KUNZ, B.A.

THE direction of the affairs of Europe, as that of every other part of the world, falls under the immediate control of certain members of the Occult Hierarchy—generally under one—and to the detailed governance of other Rulers and Teachers. We are privileged to know that, amongst others, in these Adepts are numbered He who was le Comte de St. Germain, that One who was Thomas Vaughan, at least

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two other high Officials of the Lodge, and also He whom we know in history as Sir Thomas More. It is the last-named who has in close touch with Himself the Ego that once bore the name of Cæsar.

On account of these and others things, a somewhat narrow scrutiny of certain features of the life of Sir Thomas More may have an especial interest and value now, although at all times so inspiring and galvanic an example repays observation, if that observation of physical things be directed, by the eye of the Spirit, to discern the true inwardness of events. For where the uninformed may see merely a lawyer, a wit, a scholar, a man who was widely read and cultivated in taste, a family man ideal—for such the great Chancellor was—there the intuition describes the Lawgiver, the Sage, the Teacher, the possessor of the Ancient Wisdom—in short, the Saint and Arhaṭ. And yet this greatness that springs from the realms of the Ego and of the Monad is best measured by the merely human elements, for these are to us the known by which we approach the unknown, the unreal from which we proceed to the Real. And for other reasons the review of this life fires us with hope. We see herein sharply a contrast between the calm wisdom of the Initiate and the hasty foolishness of the ignorant. We discern all the more clearly in an age of bigotry and superstition the glory of the Promethean fire. Against the selfish, uncontrolled lust of a worldly king we see the more vividly the selfless calm and poise of a Son of the only true King.

In our feeble understanding of what constitutes spiritual greatness we too often refuse to allow to Initiates those homely human qualities which surely

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only serve to set off more effectively the true inward greatness of the Spirit. Fortunately in Sir Thomas More we have one who is not so far away from us in time but that not only can we enter into an understanding of his great phases, but also can still find those little anecdotes that have kept alive his bubbling mirth, his pure domestic affection, the incalculable strength of his keen mind and great heart.

Thus, in his celebrated book, *Utopia*, we find that he has written a brief passage of three sentences which, insignificant as it is in size and content, yet so shrewdly sets forth certain phases of that great man's character that, notwithstanding its trifling nature, I hit upon it as an illustration to introduce this study. In commenting upon the customs of people in *Utopia*, he says:

> They bring up a great multitude of pullets and that by a marvellous policy. For the hens do not sit upon the eggs; but by keeping them in a certain equal heat they bring them into life and hatch them. The chickens, as soon as they be come out of the shell, follow men and women instead of the hens.

It is sufficiently remarkable that this casual, curious fact should have been known to More—for fact it is—and surely no one but he would toss into the midst of a grand conception of the ideal State a bit of minute, keen observation so full of pith. It is characteristic of the man that he could, in the middle of a great work, pause to turn his vivid and humorous mind to so small a matter, yet give to it a certain crispness of expression, and so throw into full prominence, through the medium of the insignificant, the profound nature of his knowledge, and the sunny character of his humour. One can almost see Sir Thomas, Master More, in his garden in Old Chelsea, in far off 1514, experimenting with the artificial incubation of eggs, and pointing out to his

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beloved daughter, Megg, the new and amusing habits of the strange chicks.

The very drawings of him that have come down to us convey in some sense the manner of the man who, in his physical expression, reveals the flaming Soul within. Of these portraits it is natural that that one done by his dear friend, Hans Holbein, the Younger, should be most like. There is one of these, a drawing, in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, of which the date is about 1527, which is instinct with life. There are also extant certain of Holbein's cartoons for a projected great painting of the household of Sir Thomas More, all of them giving us a certain happy intimacy with these happy intimates. One sees More seated in the centre, surrounded by the members of his family, the servants, the dogs, and even, beside his pious Margaret—tucked cunningly in the farthest corner—a pet ape![1] In this group the central figure has the benign and contented expression that we naturally associate with his domestic life, but in the portraits he wears that slightly puckered and puzzled brow that marked the intensity of his public life. There is visible the generosity of his character in the generous nose; and we note the full and sensitive lips, and a well-articulated jaw that bespeaks the transcendent strength of the man. With these, and the wide brow and deep eyes, one understands that thoroughness, perseverance and clear vision were his.

There is a charming book by Miss Anne Manning devoted to *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, in which a fictitious diary by More's favourite daughter is made

[1] Of this sketch the keen Erasmus said in 1529: "Methought I saw shining through this beautiful household a soul even more beautiful."

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the vehicle for a record of the days of high Passion which ended that great life. The book does not pretend to complete accuracy, and it does not set forth in detail the more exalted phase of his life, but it does convey thoroughly the purity of emotion and the constancy of devotion in which More's life was steeped; and Miss Manning's work is especially useful in expressing the unity and serenity of the household. We find Erasmus, most learned of Dutchmen, walking there; we catch glimpses of the care and patience that the father had for his children, and the devoted affection he had for his wife; we see him courted by the learned, and visited by the powerful—even King Henry VIII walking in the garden with his arm about More. An especially interesting comment on this happy domesticity is, in the nature of the case, omitted by Miss Manning, but in *The Life of Sir Thomas More*, by his son-in-law, William Roper, this passage occurs:

> This Sir Thomas More. . . . . resorted to the house of one Master Colte, a gentleman of Essex, that had oft invited him thither, having three daughters whose honest conversation and virtuous education provoked him there specially to set his affection. And albeit his mind most served him to the second daughter, for that he thought her the fairest and most favoured, yet when he considered that it would be both grief and great shame also to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then, of a certain pity, framed his fancy toward her, and soon after married her.

And, whatever we may think of the affair as such, this is but one illustration of the courtesy, the high thought and the self-control which marked out the man.

The object of this paper is to set forth a few illustrations of this high thought and pure life. The mere

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events in the life of the great Chancellor are well known, but even these may be briefly sketched for the sake of completeness.

He was born, then, in Milk Street, in London, on February 7, 1478, and educated at St. Anthony's School, Threadneedle Street, under Nicholas Holt. He was placed early in the household of Cardinal Morton. This place, obtained for him by his father, was one of privilege, and it brought the youth into close touch with the living Christian tradition. He duly went on to Oxford, and then to New Inn (of Chancery) and, in 1496, to Lincoln's Inn, an Inn of Court, and we soon after see him delivering a lecture on a compromise between theology and the humanities to "the most learned of London". For a time he took up the ascetic life, but mainly through the influence of Erasmus, he abandoned this. The friendship with the Dutch scholar was his rationalist inspiration. In 1504 we find the young More opposing the King's will in Parliament, and, what is more, defeating it. This Henry VII never forgave, so that More was thrown out of public life until 1509; it was during this occlusion that he married, in 1505, the eldest daughter of "one Master Colte".

When, in a case of *The Crown* v. *The Pope*, More won a judgment against King Henry VIII, that astute monarch wisely saw that this genius should be with and not against the Court, and so, at great pains, he won More into his service, making him Privy Councillor in 1514, and in 1523 Speaker of the House. There, reluctantly assuming office, More adhered steadily to the cause of the Commons, proving intractable to the King, and incensing by his boldly displayed strength

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the redoubtable Wolsey, who would have had him sent to Spain as ambassador by way of banishment. But Henry made him, instead, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and wooed him assiduously, coming to his Chelsea house unexpectedly to dinner, and otherwise cultivating his friendship. Finally, in 1529, Sir Thomas became the first layman custodian of the Great Seal. In this office his integrity and zeal were alike flawless (although he was later charged with bribery and acquitted), but when the question of the divorce arose, More resigned his office on plea of ill-health.

He could not escape the ordination of karma thus, for after his flat refusal to attend the coronation of Anne Boleyn he was a marked man; the further refusal in 1534 to take the Oath of Supremacy added fuel to the King's wrath; and More was committed to the Tower, whence, upon flimsy evidence by a perjurer, he was arraigned and condemned for misprision of treason. He was executed on July 7, 1535, going as grandly to his death as he had grandly lived.

Without question, of merely human traits, his bubbling and delicate sense of humour has made More beloved to many men. The story of his last sharp witticism is well known, and is as well worth repeating. As he laid his head upon the block (it is said), he carefully brushed away his beard, saying: "That at least hath committed no treason."[1] Another story of doubtful authenticity, but equally possible, relates how he met Erasmus first at the Lord Mayor's table; who, when the conversation between them had grown swift and brilliant, cried out: "Aut tu es Morus, aut nullus."

[1] His portraits show him beardless, but he was closely confined in the Tower for a year before his execution, and during this period his beard may have grown.

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And More answered: "Aut tu es Erasmus, aut diabolus." However these may be, equally fine touches are related by the trustworthy Roper, thus:

> As he was going thitherward [to imprisonment in the Tower] wearing, as he commonly did, a chain of gold about his neck, Sir Richard Cromwell, that had charge of his conveyance thither, advised him to send home his chain to his wife or to some of his children. "Nay, Sir," quoth he, "that I will not: for if I were taken in the field by mine enemies I would they should somewhat fare the better for me." At whose landing Master Lieutenant was ready at the Tower gate to receive him, where the porter demanded of him his upper garment. "Master Porter," quoth he, "here it is," and took off his cap and delivered it to him, saying, "I am very sorry it is no better for thee." "No, Sir," quoth the porter, "I must have your gown." And [later] was he by Master Lieutenant brought out of the Tower, and from thence led toward the place of execution. Where, going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said merrily to the Lieutenant: "I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." ..... Which done, he kneeled down, and after his prayers said, turned to the executioner with a cheerful countenance, and said unto him: "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office, my neck is very short, take heed therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty."

Verily, here is evidence that he lived and moved and had his being in worlds we know only too little.

Aside from and in addition to these more easily understood elements, we find plenty of hints as to the source of More's inspiration and strength. He has become now a Master of the Wisdom; no small share of Europe's future lies in His hands to be moulded, especially in connection with the mission of Cæsar. And already in the Sixteenth Century he was approaching the greatest and most difficult portions of the Path. It is not surprising to find, then, that even after he had given up the castigations and penances which he laid upon himself as a youth, he continued,

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ven to the end, the wearing of a hair shirt next to his skin; nor, knowing this, do we wonder as much to see a man of such active public life constantly turning inward to the Light:

> And because he was desirous, for godly purposes, sometimes to be solitary and sequester himself from wordly company, a good distance from his mansion-house builded he a place called the New-Building, wherein there was a chapel, a library, and a gallery, in which, as his use was on other days to occupy himself in prayer and study there together, so on Fridays used he continually to be there from morning till evening, spending his time only in devout prayers and spiritual exercises.[1]

More vividly is this life of his seen to be coincident with great, definite spiritual advancement when we look at his betrayal at the hands of Wolsey, and more particularly, when we mark the utter perfidy of one, Rich, who visited him, upon a pretext, in the Tower and endeavoured, by putting to More hypothetical cases, to commit him to something treasonable. In this he failed, but notwithstanding, by clear perjury at the arraignment, gave excuse for the sentence of death. Yet this seeming friend was but the Judas in the Drama, who betrayed a Lover of men to death maybe, but to Life assuredly. Nor did More play his part in this Drama as one innocent of the scenes that were to come; for he unquestionably knew that he would meet death for his convictions, and he clearly warned his family of this, his future.

In his outward life he adhered closely to the customs of his time and place, where these did not conflict with his sense of right. He gave way to public opinion in things which did not matter—dress and the like—as readily as he might. But in esoteric matters

[1] Roper.

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he was scrupulous. It is said by his son-in-law, Roper, that in sixteen years of close observation he had never once seen More "in a fume"; and surely if ever man had cause to be irritable this was he. We see him, therefore, standing well beyond the third great Portal of the Homeward Way. He is in no sense the Magician; clairvoyance and the psychic powers do not seem to have been part of his mode of evolution; but in the spiritual worlds he was a rock; his intuitions, his will and his wisdom were fully at his disposal.

A pleasing illustration of the use of these higher faculties is seen in the instance where his favourite daughter, Margaret, lay nigh death in the sweating-sickness. The physicians gave her over, but More retired to his New Building, and there, burning with the Love he had for his daughter, besought a remedy for her desperate illness. The cure came to him in a flash; the physicians at once adopted the suggestion; and the lady's life was saved.

A still more transcendent, indeed a super-spiritual faculty was evident in him when he was adjudged by the Lord Chancellor guilty. On this occasion, when he was asked what he had to say, he remarked, with that amazing serenity and dispassionateness: "I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your lordships have now here in earth been judges of my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to everlasting salvation."[1]

Yet in the *Utopia* I find the clearest of all expressions of a profound understanding of what we more truly call the mode of Occultism. One expects, and

[1] Roper.

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indeed finds, in Sir Thomas More the mode of the Catholic Church, albeit his Catholicism was singularly wide and truly catholic. And one expects and finds interplay of such psychic and spiritual elements as go to make up a brilliant person. A more close observation reveals a true knowledge on his part of what we might call the technique of the Path, a profound understanding of the mechanics of spiritual evolution and Monadic expression. For I find him clearly recognising the Server type, as different from the Devotee and the Sage, where he says of the Utopians:

> They think that the contemplation of nature, and the praise thereof coming, is to God a very acceptable honour. Yet there be many so earnestly bent and affectioned to religion, that they pass no thing for learning, nor give their minds to no knowledge of things. But idleness they utterly forsake and eschew, thinking felicity after this life to be gotten by busy labours and good exercises . . . . . remaining in continual work and labour themselves; not embraiding others therewith. They neither reprove other men's lives nor glory in their own. These men, the more serviceable they behave themselves, the more they be honoured of all men.

The *Utopia*[1] reveals, generally, a magnificent freedom from false tradition and a freshness of thought that betrays the "Wind of the Spirit" blowing from its own still, clear heights. In the letter transmitting the manuscript to Peter Giles, More scathingly attacks the cant of his day, that has now, in our day, grown into a giant tangle of intellectual superstition. "The rude and barbarous," he says, "alloweth nothing but that which is very barbarous indeed. If it be one that hath a little smack of learning, he rejecteth as homely gear

[1] Usually taken to be derived from *ou* (not) and *topos* (place), *i.e.*, place non-existent physically. Many of the names in the book are Greek. More was a Greek scholar. The study of this tongue was considered a dangerous experiment by the Church then.

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and common ware whatsoever is not stuffed full of old moth-eaten words and that be worn out of use." He attacks still more vigorously the savage custom of hanging for theft; he scarifies the flogging schoolmaster; he blazes against the abuse of the monetary system; and the whole is a cry for the poor and oppressed, and for greater control and sensible organisation in national life. And through it all is woven that wisdom of the Plan that stamps the words as coins minted in the cold flame of the Ego. It is He Himself crying out, when he says: "The soul is immortal, and by the bountiful goodness of God ordained to felicity." He has o'erleapt the theological boundaries; he is embodied Spirit. We call him a Roman Catholic, and in a sense we are right. But he could say, with clear approval, that in *Utopia*

> Some worship for God the Sun; some the moon; some some other of the planets. There be [those] that give worship to a man that was once of excellent virtue or of famous glory, not only as God, but also as the chiefest and highest God.[1] But the most and wisest part (rejecting all these) believe that there is a certain godly power unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible, inexplicable, far above the capacity and reach of man's wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness, but in virtue and power. Him they call the Father of all. To Him alone they attribute the beginnings, the increasings, the proceedings, the changes, and the ends of all things. Neither they give divine honours to other than to Him. . . . . Whom they all commonly in their country language call Mithra. . . . . They also, which[2] do not agree to Christ's religion, fear no man from it, nor speak against any man that hath received it. Saving that one of our [newly converted Christian] company in my presence was sharply punished. He, as soon as he was baptised, began against our wills, with more earnest affection than wisdom, to reason of Christ's religion: and began to wax so hot in his manner, that he did not only prefer our religion before all other, but also

[1] Buddhists, clearly.

[2] *i.e.*, who do not follow Christ's religion, nevertheless frighten no man away from it, etc.

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did utterly despise and condemn all other, calling them profane, and the followers of them wicked and devilish, and the children of everlasting damnation. When he had thus long reasoned the matter, they laid hold on him, accused him, and condemned him into exile; not as a despiser of religion, but as a seditious person, and a raiser-up of dissension among the people.

Would indeed that we could similarly serve equally bigoted and frenzied folk that we ourselves wot of!

And he himself, Sir Thomas More, Knight, a true Son of God, was shut from this world by a bigot who called himself a follower of Christ. The mist and the murk and the fog of human passion and greed, the lust of power abetting the lust of the brute that slumbers in man —in this jungle of hypocrisy and devious selfishness they destroyed the prison that lightly held this Child of the Spirit. We, viewing the event from afar, stand amazed at the ignorance and folly that could do this. Yet we remember that it is ordained that he who would go swiftly along the homeward way to the House of his Father, must be content to die, physically or psychically, forsaken and alone, in the name of Truth upon the high altar of Right. Then goeth he, the Arhaṭ, to the Āshrama of his Master, there to abide against that day when the Ancient of Days shall admit him to the company of the Perfect, the Asekha. His body, slain by a puppet king, is given here as a final pledge to the King of Kings, Who, however the Drama be played, holds us to Him, throughout the puppet show, by a silver thread, invisible but strong. And this he knew, our Knight; and in this he found that serenity, that quiet mirth, that poise and strength, at which we marvel. What should he care for fire and rack, the call of luxury, death and oblivion, who knew another Flame, a truer Voice, a greater Life!

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As the imperishable mountains tower their immeasurable wreathed peaks into a light-bathed world that is clouded from our sight by the mists and the glittering blue of the ether; as they draw out of heaven the rains that pour as brooks and springs down into our dusty plains—just so do these imperishable Ones, whom He has joined, stand in forms like yours and mine perfected, but yet tower into the still heights of the unknown worlds, reaching up where, with our feeble eyes, we cannot follow; thence pouring out to us pure streams from that clear world, streams that quench the age-old thirst of the soul. And He that was Sir Thomas More, Knight, He too has gone where springs the River of Light in the Garden of God, that *real* Utopia of Peace.

Fritz Kunz

[Note.—In The King's Classics (Chatto and Windus) will be found the *Utopia* edited by Robert Steele, Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More*, and Miss Manning's *The Household of Sir Thomas More*. These, with *A Dialogue of Syr Thomas More, Knyghte*, and some other less available records, have been the chief literary sources of this study—F. K.]

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SEEKING FOR "SIGNS"

THE following, written by Mrs. Annie Besant to one in mental distress, asking her to show some "sign," may help others:

Anyone, who has passed through the mental crisis in which you are struggling, must sympathise with your difficulties. But one cannot escape from it by "signs". Mme. Blavatsky showed many, to be dubbed charlatan and trickster for her pains. "Signs" do not convince. For the moment, one is dazed; later, the mind revolts, because it cannot understand that which the eyes have seen. Moreover, a "sign" merely shows that the mage knows a law of nature that you do not know. That does not prove that he can guide you to truth.

Theosophical teachings, when philosophical, appeal to the intelligence, not to the easily deceived senses. They must be judged by reason. When they are spiritual, they can only be proved by experience, and, as in the laboratory, the methods taught by experts must be followed, in order to reach their results.

You appeal to the Christ who said: "Ask and it shall be given unto you"; but the same Christ said: "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it." For He well knew that the proofs of the Spirit cannot be given to the

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eyes of the flesh. Can you prove a truth of the higher mathematics by a chemical experiment?

I also sought for the truths of the higher worlds by physical demonstrations, and found them not; but by perseverance, sacrifices, efforts, I found them, and, with them, peace. You also will find, if you seek. By study and meditation, that is to say, by the utilisation of the laws of thought, you also will reach the goal.

OBITUARY

WE regret to announce the death, on April 14th, of Mr. A. E. Bultjens, who succeeded Mr. Leadbeater as Principal of the School now called Ānanḍa College. Mr. Bultjens also followed Mr. Leadbeater as Editor of *The Buddhist*, and showed much devotion, energy and ability in carrying on the work that he began.

We have also received the sad news that Lieutenant H. Rodhe, of the 89th Punjabis, has died of wounds in Mesopotamia. We have no details, but those who remember him at Adyar send thoughts of love and strength.

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LOVE'S HYMNING

I WOULD wreathe a garland of my heart's blossoms,
Roses of sweetness, lilies of chastity,
And jessamine of joy,
And, blessed one, place them on thy forehead
Where winds pause reverently.

I would gather posies of my shortcomings,
Hollyhocks of passion, sun-flowers of vainglory,
And little weeds of shame
With no name,
And place them in thy hand to burden breezes
On their way troubling thee.

I would open all my palace windows
For mine illumining by glance of thine,
And every door would ope
That neither stair nor chamber nor any winding way,
Missing thy footstep, might remain unblest
For crying halt to thee.

C.

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ATTEMPT AT AN ANALYSIS OF A CROWDED IMPRESSION

By An Eyewitness

THE senses, we are often told, are unreliable witnesses. I had a demonstration of the fact yesterday. It set me thinking on the problems of sense impressions generally and the validity of direct testimony dependent on them. I witnessed and took a subordinate part in a street accident, probably of slight importance. I wondered what, if the accident had been a crime and of importance, could have been the value of my depositions as a witness. Thereupon analysing my impressions I found how extraordinarily inadequate and blurred they were, and, mostly for my own satisfaction, I have recorded them, as follows.

I had just come from Messrs. Oakes & Co.'s shop in Mount Road, in a motor-car, and was making for Spencer's. In front of Messrs. P. Orr & Sons' I noticed that a "something" had happened and told the driver to stop, which he did within a few yards. Here already comes in the first uncertainty about my impressions. I do not know how and why my attention was arrested. I sat beside the driver and was looking out, not with a view to instruct the driver, but simply widely awake, consciously observant of the street scenery and the traffic we were passing. I find I do

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not know whether some one in the street, or even the driver, called out, whether there was any shout or noise. I now only know that I observed that an accident had happened, but I do not know at all how my consciousness came first in contact with the fact. I must add that I am also not perfectly sure whether the driver saw the accident simultaneously with, or even before, me and it may quite well be that *he* first slowed down the car and so drew my attention. So it will be seen that the first series of impressions is indeed a blurred mass.

Now coming to the transition stage between the consciousness *that* something had happened and the realisation of *what* had happened, this must have taken an infinitesimal fraction of time, but I am not conscious of process, between the two. It seems to me, if indeed I do not reconstruct too much by reflections supplied after the event—of which I find I am not sure—that the two conceptions "*an* accident" and "*that* accident" telescope into each other as it were, and form so to say the two ends or sides of *one* impression.

I am more aware of the contents of my subsequent visual impression. I saw a motor-car—of which the one outstanding quality in my memory is that it was Japanned in a shiny black, with perhaps a very faint sub-impression of new [*i.e.*, dull grey or perhaps yellowish] tyres—rapidly swerving from Mount Road into Messrs. Oakes' motor department compound. When the motor passed my field of vision in a manner like the withdrawal of a superimposed plate in a magic lantern, there appeared the body (first impression, a coolie, grown up man) just caught in the act of having jumped up (like a

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fish out of the water—body twisted in a semi-circular way). I do not recollect observing the body either rising or falling, but in the memory this impression is—*without* a transition stage—linked to another, namely that of seeing the body lie in the road. This to me is a queer circumstance. The memory retains the first and last impression but does not record the stage between. Yet this statement must be qualified, for though I did not observe the stages between the body in the air and on the ground, I do recollect—but as very rapid and faint impressions—four different phases in sequence regarding the body on the ground: (1) sprawling, (2) turning over, and (3) and (4) (simultaneously) lying stiff and stretched—with the intuitive inference of death or swoon—and a great rush of blood from the skull.

By this time several, at least three, main streams of extremely crowded impressions rushed up and coalesced in such a manner as to be entirely inextricable, making it impossible to set down with precision any sequence in time of the things which happened.

These were:

1. My own actions. By voice or gesture I made the driver stop; he also communicated with me. What and how, I do not precisely know. I got out vaguely wanting to do something but was undecided, and must have first stood still looking on for at least a few seconds.

2. The action of others. A few people in the immediate neighbourhood crowded round; all of them, I think, also undecided for a few seconds. Of these a very few, perhaps two or three, figures have a vague individuality in my memory. There is one who

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alternatingly assumes the form of a coolie or a yogī (religious mendicant, beggar?).

3. The motionless, prostrate figure in the road.

At this stage there may have been two sub-impressions:

1. The motor which knocked down the victim still continuing its way into Oakes & Co.'s compound (showing the shortness of time of the whole proceeding, as the entrance road to the premises from the road is in my estimate certainly less than a hundred yards, perhaps only fifty). I have a still fainter sub-sub-impression that the chauffeur looked out and made a "deprecatory" gesture, and a stronger impression that some one shouted something to the effect of "Catch that car," or "That car has done it". But no actual words or form of such a shout are in my memory, only that this was the *sense* of something that was somehow uttered.

2. Then there was also a sub-impression (but I am quite uncertain now as to whether this impression was not later in time by a few seconds) that other people, further off, were now taking notice, and hurrying to the spot. I have a faint impression that some road-menders, some fifty to a hundred yards away, were amongst the number, and it would be interesting to verify the impression by ascertaining whether the road is now under repair [1] or whether this was a reminiscent insertion from a former impression received during a previous visit to that part of Mount Road when the road *was* under repair.

By this time a double set of new impressions were received, and though they too have coalesced in my

[1] It is.

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memory, I am inclined to think that in time they were slightly in sequence. The first was that of the door-sergeant of Messrs. Orr & Sons who had come a few yards from his door, and stood half-way between the body and the door steps. He muttered something about "that stupid boy. How could he be so stupid as to jump on or off a moving car? Entirely his own fault" (verbal accuracy far from guaranteed). In the meantime he stood rather helpless, not moving and not doing anything. I cried out to him: "Run and get some water!" but he answered: "There is already some one giving it!" Then I saw the man, whom above I have called a coolie or yogī, throwing a dipper of water on the head or the face of the victim. Now I had seen that some person had lifted the boy from the road, and carrying him a few yards aside, had propped him up against the wall. There was now a small cluster of persons around him, I should say about five. But of all that now happened I have lost all sense of chronology. I do not know if I spoke first to the sergeant or whether I first saw the boy lifted to the roadside. The two actions may have been simultaneous or partly simultaneous. I suppose that the amount of attention devoted to speaking to the sergeant took away for the moment a proportionate amount of attention for the observation of the development of the affair centring around the wounded person. Anyhow, after having turned round from the sergeant to see that indeed some one was throwing water on the victim, the sergeant dwindled out of my consciousness. By this time perhaps some more people had gathered. At this stage I think I heard again some reference to catching the driver of the offending car; I think even someone pointed

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to him and said: "There he is!" All this of course, however long it takes to describe, was up till now, I suppose, a matter of seconds. I think scarcely a minute can have elapsed (but writing this now I feel doubts as to that—it may be an altogether false estimate) from the beginning of the affair, as far as my attention was concerned, till the present moment. The time factor seems more or less to have been obliterated by the fullness of the surging and crowding impressions. At this stage I made several new discoveries. A distinct figure began to stand out in the crowd, an Indian, dressed in white, of the appearance of a superior clerk or petty official, who now took some active part in the affair. I became suddenly aware of him, and he came "ready made" within my observation—did not appear from somewhere. In my impressions he alternates with a coolie man as to the person who picked up the boy from the road and propped him against the wall. The impression about the man who administered the water was that he was not clad, and black skinned. The second discovery was that the victim was not a man—as I had believed quite clearly up till then—but a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

Thirdly, there was my impression about the wound, but this impression was one which in time must have stretched over several moments, beginning as early as the moment when I saw the boy lying in the road, and perhaps taking a final form by the time we reached the stage I am now speaking of. Once more, one of the remarkable things to me is the wild jumble of chronological impressions in the affair. I have said that I received a clear impression of blood simply pouring forth; I think this must have been a great

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exaggeration. Anyhow, the blood visible, together with the yellow dust and the dirt of the road in the hair of the boy, perhaps later added to by the appearance of the head when water had been poured on it, gave me the impression that the skull had been smashed to pulp and that it was a hopeless case. Mind, I am still speaking of mental processes within an extremely short space of time. I felt I should do something, for we could not simply wait to let events take their course, and I am also conscious that I myself, as well as several others, may have lost some seconds in looking for an expected policeman, who, true to race, was of course "never there". Having the first, exaggerated, impression concerning the gravity of the accident, I was just considering whether it would be better to try to do something on the spot, as, in the case of a really dangerous wound, transport might be fatal, when the Indian gentleman, to whom I referred above, stepped forward and asked me whether I would take the boy—who was still unconscious and, as I thought, probably dead or dying—to the hospital in my car. That decided my irresolution, and I of course at once assented, inwardly feeling respect for this good man for his quick decision, and at the same time not caring to look too closely at the awful sight of the smashed head. In no time, another man from the people (perhaps the same who had first picked him up from the road, or thrown water on his head) carried up the boy, placed himself with his burden behind on the car, and after I had asked directions from my Indian friend, we hurried off to the hospital, where we arrived safely a few minutes later. But I have not the ghost of an idea how long the whole affair lasted; nearer than the limit

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of five minutes at the shortest and half an hour at the most, I should not dare to guess—and both guesses might be wrong at that. I am even unaware at what exact time of the day the whole thing happened; and though it must have been about noon, I would not be able to give reliable testimony about it within an hour or so.

On the road to the hospital I was mainly concerned with impressing the chauffeur with the necessity for driving carefully and taking his corners quietly, but I could not help thinking also of the tragic element of driving through the thronged streets, with their merry and careless crowds, with what I imagined to be a mangled corpse of an unknown boy taken care of by a kind stranger, who was equally a stranger to me and my driver, and I got a sensation of impatience with the lazy spectators, who did observe something strange in our procession but—naturally enough—had no time to make up their minds as to what was its precise meaning. The idea of "sluggishness" suggested itself to my mind. In other words there was a touch of sentimental romanticism. At the hospital we were helped immediately, but to my immense relief the boy had now recovered consciousness and, O wonder, was even standing on his own legs. The physician in attendance made a most summary inspection, and in a few seconds passed the boy on to an inner room with the command: "Have his head shaved." Instead of a battered skull I now saw only a cut on it, which I hope may have proved not serious at all, however unpleasant it may have been otherwise. Coupled with my pleasure at seeing that the drama had after all not been fatal, I realised the collapse of my romantic fancies, and was a little bit annoyed that I found myself somewhat excited by the reaction,

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causing me to make a more voluble explanation to the doctor than is compatible with staid phlegm and stolidity. Then returning, I passed Messrs. Orr's again, where I saw the sergeant and another gentleman in shirt sleeves hurrying to the door, perhaps having been on the look-out for the return of my car. I did not stop. A few hundred yards further, near Misquith's, I saw my Indian gentleman again, standing before a little native shop or booth. He recognised the car and with a broad gesture seemed to enquire whether everything was all right. I gestured back that it was, and passed; I hope that he understood the signal, as I think I understood his. Subsequently I realised that during the incident I had been much struck with a feeling of the human solidarity shown by the poor amongst themselves, as manifested by the immediate help rendered to the unfortunate boy, and I also discovered the wish that I should have made up my mind earlier than my unknown Indian friend in proposing to transport the boy to the hospital, for quick-mindedness and decision in emergencies are qualities to be respected and desirable under all circumstances.

Thus the attempt at the analysis of a series of very crowded impressions within a short space of time. They show clearly how imperfect sense-impressions are, when provoked under a strain. Evidence based on what I had seen, would have been false in at least two important details. I would have described the boy as a man, and would have greatly exaggerated the gravity of the wound and its appearance. Further, my evidence would have been useless for the establishment of any *alibi* within a period of at least half an hour.

An Eyewitness

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

VIII

The two short remarks which Mrs. Besant published in the February THEOSOPHIST at the end of my friend Mr. J. van Manen's letter certainly do not answer his arguments, with which I entirely agree, although, in parts, not with his method of expressing them. Although my reflections on the matter have come practically to the same conclusions, there are still a few things I should like to add.

Let me begin by saying that my remarks are not at all the outcome of sympathy for the Central Powers, but that my hopes are entirely and undividedly for the victory of the Allies, and I expect of this event great changes for the better in all the European States, German ones included. This, however, does not imply that I do not feel how frightfully hard it must be for the German, Austrian, Bulgarian —and if there are any—Turkish members of the T. S. to see Mrs. Besant's judgment upon the forces which inspire them in this War, and the principles for which they fight. All those who have been to Adyar have met there Germans, who were, heart and soul, devoted to Mrs. Besant; I know the members of the German Section of the Theosophical Society, and I am aware that in all their troubles with Dr. Steiner and his followers, it was, for the greater part, faithfulness to Mrs. Besant and her teaching which upheld them; I also saw how my friend Mr. John Cordes, when starting the Theosophical movement in Austria, created for our Adyar leaders love and reverence in the hearts of Theosophists there; and I remember the Bulgarian members who, not knowing any foreign language, came to the Congress at Genoa to see the President. Let us try, for one moment, to silence our feelings against enemy nations, and let us attempt to put ourselves in the places of these individuals and realise what the verdict of Mrs. Besant is, which she has pronounced on those who stand against the Allies and consequently fight for

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the Lords of the Dark Face. Think to what despair it must bring the Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians who, convinced that Mrs. Besant is here in the right, must consequently struggle against evolution, not having the liberty to choose, but by their nationalities being bound to fight as soldiers of their countries. Would it not have been more humane not to let them know, even if it were true? I heartily hope that the Theosophists of enemy nations, who happen to become acquainted with Mrs. Besant's or Mr. Sinnett's opinion on the matter, will also read in Mr. Van Manen's statement what the Masters are, according to his idea; and will agree with this—for me—more Theosophical conception of these lofty Beings, rather than the one in Mrs. Besant's War articles.

Then there is another question—can we really still pretend that the Theosophical Society tries "to form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour"? Can we say that during this War we have attempted to make our Society a meeting place for people of whatever nationality, or has it become a necessity that every German, Austrian, Hungarian and Bulgarian, who has any self-respect or love for his country left in him, should leave a Society where the majority considers him an outcast of humanity, and where this opinion is inspired and sanctioned by the President and all those who are supposed to have any authority? And we neutrals—should we not feel almost like them? Holland is judged by Mrs. Besant when she says: "Holland, that [during the German invasion of Belgium] has remained neutral when every call of right summoned her to the field."[1] And the Americans also get their share.

I want to fix the attention of the members of the Theosophical Society on the fact that we are far from working for an international fraternity, the effects of this intolerance becoming already clearly visible; some foreign—not enemy—members of the T. S. (amongst whom myself) have had to give up posts in the Round Table in France, not being French; and lately a suggestion has been made, happily without success, that no foreigners should be members of the T. S. in France. Is this not the contrary of the spirit of our Society?

It will have become clear that this is not an appeal in favour of Germany; only I regret more than I can express

[1] I wonder, however, what difference our little standing army, at that moment without any modern guns or munitions, would have made. Besides I do not see why Holland, more than any other, had a duty to interfere, especially as our last war was with Belgium, when this country wished to separate from us. Considering this, I think that the way in which over one million Belgians have been received by six million Dutch, who under the circumstances suffered greatly themselves, should be appreciated by all humanely feeling people.

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that the Theosophical Society agrees not to make any effort to live according to its most sacred principles—as soon as the least difficulty of doing so arises. If, instead of indulging in the wars of the nations, our members had fixed their attention on the indivisible unity of humanity, the Theosophical Society might, after this War, have taken a unique place amongst international organisations. This place would have been worthy of the ideas we embody, and might have opened new roads to realise them.

RAIMOND VAN MARLE

IX

After reading Mr. Johan van Manen's criticism in the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST with regard to our President's views concerning the world's conflagration now taking place, I am reminded of the old saying—"Save me from my friends." For here we have an old member of the T. S., enjoying the privileges and hospitality of Headquarters, turning round and rending the President of the T. S. simply because she holds vastly different views concerning this War from himself. It seems to me that Mr. Van Manen might have left the Headquarters, for the sake of harmony and good manners, before taking up this antagonistic attitude towards the President.

Reviewing the question under discussion from a purely intellectual point of view alone, I am quite prepared to admit that there may be some truth in Mr. Van Manen's contentions, but he might at least have worded his remarks in a much more courteous and gentlemanly manner.

Speaking as an old member of the T. S. in S. Africa, I refuse to be tied down to the merely intellectual plane. I really believe in evolution and the possibility of a higher state of consciousness than that of the merely physical. I believe that A. B. and C. W. L. and many others have developed that consciousness to an abnormal extent, which permits them to see things cosmically, to some extent at least.

In closing, I would also say with Mr. Van Manen, that I have no personal axe to grind ; I do not "*strafe*" the Central Powers, but I certainly believe in crushing their military system once and for all. I might also add that I am not suffering from insular prejudice, as I have been in S. A. for thirty years and my wife is a Dutch lady.

A great change is now taking place in the world ; both in the T. S. as well as in other bodies, we are to a certain extent at the parting of the ways, and it is quite time to know

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where we stand, to know those who are for us as well as those who are against us. It is well to know those who really believe in the guiding hand of the Masters and the Hierarchy. It is not sufficient to have a kind of intellectual toleration towards them, and then for our actions to belie our beliefs.

There is certainly room for all shades of opinion in the T. S., but when certain prominent members act in a manner detrimental to the welfare of the T. S. as a body, by demanding from its President that she shall tie herself down to the merely intellectual plane, then it is time for us to speak out in protest.

H. A.

X

I crave permission to say a word or two upon Mr. Van Manen's extraordinary letter in the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST. I suppose I am, as we count years upon this physical plane, older than all but a very few Fellows of our Society, and so I may hope to be fairly free from disturbing heat and passion. Again, I have through a long life been remarkably untouched by any symptoms of what are called occult or psychic faculties, and so I have never been disposed to accept a dogma because it is introduced with a "thus saith the Lord," or a *dictum* because it purports to come from occult sources—a disposition which I trust secures me from prejudice against the reasons that have led Mr. Van Manen to what I will venture to call his startling revolt.

Mr. Van Manen's pronouncement recalls the memory of the controversy of nine years ago, when the Society was rent by schism, and was thought to be in danger of total wreckage, in the struggle over the election of a new President. The question then, as formulated by Mr. Mead, the leader of the malcontents, was whether the Society was to be influenced in voting by the assertion that a candidate was backed by the influence of the Masters. If this were allowed, might it not lead to all kinds of abuse and trickery at headquarters? Truly the objection seemed forcible, and it was reinforced by the recollection of the unfortunate occurrence of some years previously, when an attempted fraud was frustrated by the vigilant common sense of the President-Founder. I was myself perplexed at first, feeling that Mr. Mead's view was not in itself unreasonable, but as things developed, the underlying animus became evident. First, there was the poor quibble that because the President-Founder on his death-bed had by a slip used the word "appoint" instead of "nominate," the nomination was void. And then came a campaign of malignant

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slander against the chief candidate and her principal colleague, showing plainly enough to my mind which party was in the wrong, and which, together with the general considerations that I shall now try briefly to set forth, enabled me to see clearly how I ought to vote.

The first question surely is—are there really at the back of the Society any such Masters as are alleged to have founded it, and to be still willing to influence and guide it? The Rules of the Society, as Mr. Van Manen has pointed out, permit any of its Fellows to answer this question, if he pleases, in the negative. I will not presume to inquire into the reasons that may induce anyone so to answer the question. I can only say that, if I felt obliged to do so, I should also feel forced to the conclusion that the Theosophical Society was founded on fraud, and has been fostered in foolishness—a proposition not easily reconciled with its present vigorous vitality. But if there are the alleged Masters, really interesting Themselves in the Society, is it conceivable that They would permit false or misleading oracles to proceed from the Presidential head-quarters in their name? Would not such an occurrence be promptly followed by Their silent withdrawal, and the quick collapse of the Society? I cannot help thinking that a little quiet reflection on the above dilemma will shew Mr. Van Manen's "dismay" to be groundless, and his arguments to have little cogency.

The President's utterances about the War are not inconsistent either with the Rules of the Society or with other statements of her own. If she declares that the Higher Powers, to whom we look for light and leading, regard this War as a struggle *a outrance* between the forces of good and evil, that does not bind any Fellow of the Society who chooses to repudiate it; nor is it at all at variance with her admission that our modern civilisation was fermenting (*all round*, since Mr. Van Manen wishes to emphasise that point) with many germs of corruption and disease. All have sinned, but when a single sinner has arisen as the exponent of one terrible crime which he has made more peculiarly his own—the lust of world dominion and the ruthless cruelty that would overwhelm civilisation in a welter of blood and misery—how can we talk of neutrality? Humanity is menaced by the dragon; Olympus is assailed by the giants! We take this view, not because the President tells us it is the view taken by the Higher Powers, but because we know that it is the higher powers in ourselves that compel us to it. If Mr. Van Manen can conscientiously declare that this War has no essential moral difference from most wars—*e.g.* the Boer War of sixteen years ago; and that, looking calmly at the two sides of the question, he can pronounce that it is

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six to one, and half a dozen to the other; he is, I suppose, entitled to his opinion; but does he really expect the Theosophical Society to share in that view? We are cautioned by the Lord Buddha to take nothing for granted because it comes from a Brahmana, or the Vedas, or from His own lips, unless it is approved by our own reason and conscience. Armed with this wise maxim, we may listen quietly, and speak confidently; and if so, why is our President alone to be prohibited from telling us what she knows and what she thinks?

J. GILES

Auckland, N. Z.

XI

I am one of the rank and file of the Theosophical Society, and small and unimportant as is my voice I want to raise it in protest against Mr. Van Manen's letter in the February THEOSOPHIST. His "firstly" Mrs. Besant disposes of in a few words; in the minds of most people the great War is beyond politics, and reaches into the domain of good and evil. And now we come to the "secondly," with which I am more concerned. Mr. Van Manen is unduly agitated over the fate of at least half of those 10,000 neutrals in the Society. I speak of the American members. Our Government is neutral. There are very few neutral individuals, Theosophists or otherwise. At the beginning of the War we were not predisposed toward any nationality; now we have very clear and definite ideas as to who is on the right side and who is on the wrong side in this world conflict; and these ideas are not based upon any occult pronouncements, but upon physical plane phenomena, the invasion of Belgium, the *Lusitania* incident, and numerous other like events.

Maybe Mrs. Besant has come to her conclusions through the same process, by just using her reasoning powers and not at all because she happened to be born in England this time. She seems to have arrived at the same conclusion as has most of the rest of the world—at least that portion of it that is not contained within the Central Kingdoms of Europe; so the above idea would not seem illogical.

Mr. Van Manen seems to worry about the members of neutral nations coming into conflict with their Governments if we follow Mrs. Besant. He can feel perfectly easy about us over here; we are safe, be we pro-Ally or pro-German, and any way I never heard of a real occultist who hid his opinions just because of the trouble they might make for

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him. I am of course not spokesman for the American Theosophists. I judge merely from what I observe among our sixty or seventy members here in this city; they are fairly typical, and among them there are few neutrals. We have a deeply rooted conviction that it is not good for our health, or the health of the world in general, that the present type of German power should continue.

If to be a Theosophist means to be a "mush of concession," as Emerson puts it, then I would prefer to call myself something else. Myself and many others, I am sure, refuse to come over to Mr. Van Manen's side and be a neutral. So long as we are down here at our stage of evolution, where our duty is plainly still to take part in the game of life, we must range ourselves on the side of good or evil, and help to bring the triumph of one or the other.

Mr. Van Manen tells us solemnly that he is *not* pro-German, and of course he knows what he is, but we have found over here that where anyone strenuously talks neutrality he is often at heart pro-German. It seems to work that way. I wonder why Mr. Van Manen felt he had to tell us he wasn't; I wonder too why he felt he had to tell us his letter *really* wasn't sneering and contemptuous. Maybe he wasn't just satisfied with it himself. I hope so, for he writes very interesting articles in THE THEOSOPHIST, and frankly I like them much better than his letters.

Rochester, N. Y. LILLIAN B. DAILY

XII

Beyond evil dream of possible word or deed of a good brother is Mr. Van Manen's letter in the February THEOSOPHIST. It will, as he anticipates, arouse protest, but not, as he expects, against our President. It has already produced in America nausea and nostalgia, earth-weariness, Heaven-longing, and the pious wish that its author might have reached his Dutch Devachan ere ever he became the tool of such a shameful attack.

Nor is indignation unmingled with regret and dismay. Where is the cheery old self which used to shine through his pages? Where the geniality that tempted new members to love him, glowing as it did through the candid accounts of his curious psychic experiences? Vanished! One wishes one had had the presence of mind, when he began in 1914 to be disagreeable, to warn him, in the vernacular of Whitcomb Riley: "The goblins 'll git you if you don't watch out!"

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The utterances which he considers harmful have been solicited, even demanded, by the Theosophical world ever since he led his last little nasty expedition; but has he calculated, has he any means of measuring, the baleful effects of his own uninvited, unwelcome opinions? A post-mortem over the enthusiasms of recent recruits would result in a verdict: Death due to Van Manen Shock. A new member said sadly: "Oh, I had thought Theosophists were somehow—different; but they are just like everybody else, aren't they?" Unbidden, he has thrown down tiers of choice pillars, and naughtily has he scratched the face of the god of idealism, a heavier offence than the disparagement of Rulers and Sovereigns, of which he wrongfully accuses our President.

One has but to remember how invariably gentle Mrs. Besant has been with that arch-neutralist, President Wilson, to realise that when she has spoken sternly it has ever been with the purpose of giving guidance—guidance moreover which was not only needed but solicited, entreated. The thought power of a body of people who are beginning to train themselves to think, is a very considerable force; who should direct it if not the Eldest, the sweetest, the purest among us? All of us who possess the least bit of intuition know that the words which may stir anger in lower beings, have come dispassionately from her lips, a sacrifice they, their utterance a sad duty. We were not sufficiently developed to see, therefore, and especially since we asked it, we must be told.

The better element in America, without advantage of Theosophy, without benefit of occultism, well knows that for us neutrality is disgraceful. We are bowed with shame, we chafe unavailingly. "Mr. Wilson, with his foreign policy, has deadened the conscience of the American people," exclaims Colonel Roosevelt. Similar opinions could be multiplied massively, although this is not the "popular" view. The case is different with good little Holland, which a slight twist of the giant's thumb could crush; yet had we, the biggest neutral and therefore the biggest sinner, stood by our Hague Conventions, Holland and the smaller States in Europe would not be shut in that vice which compels citizens by law to be neutral while we, the minority in America, have champed and stamped at our failure to help end the horror and establish the right. Mrs. Besant has patiently found excuses for us—acting not the least like the "demagogue, fanatic and extreme partisan—where India is not played off against Great Britain. . . . . Britisher *contra mundum*," pictured by Mr. Van Manen. Nor can an assiduous reader of her every word recall a single criticism of Holland, Switzerland or the tiny neutrals that can only gasp, hope, and be still.

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It would indeed be a frightful thing if we who are unneutral should, either as individuals or as members of the Theosophical Society, clash with the Governments of our respectively neutral nations. People have done that in the past, notably in Judea, and invariably they have got the worst of it, their physical status being much reduced thereby. By all means let those who wish to keep their bodies safe and soft and white fall in with the temporal powers that be.

But as for the Resolutions of the General Council of the T. S., in 1908 and 1912, is there anything sacred about them? Were they made to cover conditions then existing, now stupendously altered: are they flexible, are they to be recognised as the result of limited outlook, or are they like the laws of the Medes and Persians? If one of the Mahatmas should deign, in a world crisis, to take upon Himself the arduous task of presiding over this body, would He be bound by the Resolutions of 1908 and 1912? Is an agent then, working directly under Him, to be so bound in a crashing, overwhelming crisis? No; we hope the sootiness of Mr. Van Manen's contention will be immediately scattered by the clean strong winds of loyal white forces.

Our T. S. Constitution, for which we have great respect, was evidently framed to cover the more ordinary conditions existing during the thirty-eight years preceding 1914, rather than for a world war period. And if there arises the question why H. P. B., who undoubtedly had prophetic vision, did not provide for this stupendous phase of "The Shadow Dance," the answer lies in Mr. Leadbeater's article, "The Great War," in the February THEOSOPHIST:

> It was hoped that the Fifth Root-Race would stand as a whole, or at any rate that the Fifth Sub-Race would stand as a whole. And the hope was nearly realised. The Powers that stand behind human evolution worked long through their pupils to prevent this catastrophe. Whether those Powers knew all the time that their labour would not achieve its end, I cannot tell. We sometimes think of Them as knowing beforehand all that will happen: whether they do or not I know not, but at least it is certain that in many cases They work most earnestly to produce certain results and to give men certain opportunities. Through the failure of humanity to take the chances offered, the results may not then be attained. They are always *eventually* attained, but often they are postponed for what to us seems an enormous time. The Great Deity of the Solar System, the LOGOS Himself, knows perfectly well all that will happen, and knows who will take his chances and who will not. That we must believe: whether all who work under Him know that or not, we cannot tell. Certainly I know that a great conflict between good and evil forces has been long impending over us. I know also that it need not have taken precisely the form it has taken, if only some of those to whom great opportunities were offered had risen to the level of those opportunities and taken them.

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Strangely enough neither does Mr. Leadbeater obey the oracular Van Manen injunction to "Keep the Gods out of it," as the following quotation indicates:

..... We stand for liberty, for right, for honour, for the keeping of the pledged word of the nation, and that work which has come into our hands must be done, and it must be done thoroughly. But we must do it because we stand on the side of the Deity, because we are truly the sword of the Lord. Let us take care that we do not spoil our work and our attitude by such an unworthy passion as hatred. We do not hate the wild beast that is attacking our children, but we suppress it. We do not hate a mad dog, but for the sake of humanity we shoot it. We do not hate the scorpion we tread under foot, but we tread on it effectively. There must be no thought of hatred, but there must be no weakness. There must be no sickly sentimentality or wavering. There are those who clamour that the mad dog is our brother and that it is unfraternal to shoot him. They forget that the men whom his bite would doom to an awful death are also our brothers, and that they have the first claim on our consideration. Germany is the mad dog of Europe, and must be suppressed at all costs. "Therefore fight, O Arjuna."

Mr. Van Manen mentions with some show of affection the *Gīṭā*. It seems a curious perversity in one who admires that great teaching to call "striking down with love" a dangerous doctrine.

As for Mrs. Besant "breaking that rule," *i.e.*, that "esoteric teaching should not be published indiscriminately," how about the *Gīṭā* itself, *Light on the Path*, and *The Voice of the Silence*? Where did we learn that what was esoteric in the past becomes exoteric as the world climbs upward? Twenty—ten years ago, the world was not ready for the great Teacher, and the esoteric would have been hooted with a loud noise: we are not yet ready, but we have advanced, helped forward by those crumbs of esoteric doctrine which have fallen to our lot. When He, the Great One, comes, he will probably break some of the old rules, and give out esoteric truths "illegally"; and there will still be hooting, but neither so loud nor so prolonged as it would have been but for the transgressions of our President, Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Sinnett and others.

Mr. Van Manen has quoted three extracts and a piece of an extract from Mrs. Besant, claiming that some of them invalidate the others. For surface discrepancies they are exceeding mild compared with the following:

"I come not to bring peace but a sword."
"My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you."

—Christian Gospels.

"I am the lying of the liar, the cheating of the cheat."
"Of those that deceive I am the Game of dice: I am the Energy of the energetic: I am Victory, I am Perseverance, I am the Goodness of the Good."

"That understanding, O Pārṭha, is of goodness, which knoweth when to act or to abstain, what ought to be done and what ought not to be done, what is dangerous and what is not, as also bondage and emancipation.

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"That by which one doth not rightly discern the right and the wrong, a proper and an improper action, that understanding, O Pārṭha, partaketh of passion.

"That understanding, shrouded with darkness which regardeth the unrighteous as the righteous and all things in a perverted light, is characterised by darkness, O Pārṭha."

—*Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā.*

Any one who cannot reconcile slight, seeming, surface contradictions had best put aside the sayings of Jesus and Kṛṣhṇa, Annie Besant and all ambrosial discourse, until he has secured a more permeable vehicle from the fleshing-house of the planet.

The quotation from October 1915 "Watch-Tower," which Mr. Van Manen finds "intelligent and tolerable" is as true as our President's later utterances, and entirely in harmony with them. Of course, "competition, *all round*: human imperfection, *all round*: oppression, *all round*: lack of love, *all round*. . . ." We who live by the sea frequently have moisture all round, which does not prevent one place being wetter at times than another, nor does it keep the ocean from being dangerously wet for him who cannot swim. Has not Mrs. Besant laboriously emphasised for our instruction the truth that "He who holds the Universe within Himself lives hidden in the heart of all": and "By Me, than Whom nothing is greater, than Whom nothing is subtler nor older, Who stands unshaken in the Heavens like a tree—One Spirit, All this is pervaded"? Must she reiterate the whole philosophy each time she sits in the Watch-Tower or delivers a Theosophical address, or should we exercise our miserable little minds and try to remember? In the ultimate analysis it seems that even the Black Forces belong to Brahman; but their victory just now would injure our particular brand of evolution; and an insipid neutrality aids them in a weak, silly, negative sort of way. It not only helps the Blacks but it gradually degrades its host, so true is it, as Henry Drummond years ago pointed out in his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, that to stand quite still is absolutely impossible—one must either go forward or slip back.

It is because Mrs. Besant is helping us forward, onward, upward, that we follow her. We follow her, not blindly nor by compulsion, but because her shining spirit beckons to our spirits; and we will follow, follow, follow to the edge of this world, aye, over the margin of the Three Worlds.

FRANCES ADNEY

[This correspondence must now cease. We have published all letters received up to date. We cannot publish those that arrive hereafter.—ED.]

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AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"The Song of My Love to Germany" (A Reply to the Hymn of Hate), which you published in the May number with the remark: "Some one has sent us this, whether original or copied we know not," is from *The Great Peace*, by James L. Macbeth Bain, which was published last year by the T. P. S., London. The whole of the little book is full of the author's characteristic expression of love for all creatures.

J. H. C.

[We have pleasure in expressing our indebtedness to Mr. Macbeth Bain.—ED.]

AMERICA AND THE NEW RACE

I was one of those who before the War turned my eyes to America as the land of spiritual and intellectual freedom, but now I feel she has forfeited her right to reverence and esteem, for the present generation at least.

Is it possible, after what seems like her cowardly inaction in the present world crisis, that the United States shall yet have the honour of being the birthplace of the Race to be?

Surely those countries that gave their sons and their strength to the great Powers for Right and Freedom, will be knit together in a bond of Brotherhood for years after the great War is over; and can they ever feel the same towards the great Republic which, in their hour of need, preferred to remain "strictly neutral"?

There are Theosophists here whose thoughts turn to Russia in connection with the New Race, but there again ethical objections arise on the score of the tyranny and oppression of the weak, prevailing even yet (*vide* in Brailsford's articles in *The Commonweal*).

Would not the egos of those who have died for the Allied cause be drawn to fresh incarnations in their own dear lands and not to the country whose representative is still sending "accounts rendered" for the *Lusitania* outrage?

MARY A. BERRY

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BOOK-LORE

Towards Liberty: Being a Britisher's View Concerning India, by T. L. Crombie, B.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, ADYAR. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

If any ask to be told in a few words *why* there is an "Indian problem," no better answer can be found than this straightforward little introduction to a momentous question. For it does not trouble about details, it goes straight to the point. It does not confront the reader with an array of grievances, claims and arguments, but appeals directly to that fundamental sense of justice and respect for the rights of others that earned for Britain the title "the land of the free". Indeed it goes a great deal further. Its message sounds forth those principles of action that the Theosophist has learnt to sum up in the word Brotherhood.

The opening chapter contrasts Britain's ideal of liberty, the key-note of her own political history, with the disregard that she has shewn for the same ideal when voiced by the peoples of India. The author proceeds to point out the great value of the English language in bringing together the different races of India and enabling them to understand the English outlook on life; he shews how the inherent advantage of this asset cannot be reaped to the full until the best examples of English literature are placed in the hands of Indian students, and until there arises a representative Indian literature written in English. Typical events of English history, such as the Abolition of the Slave Trade, are then considered in relation to their effect on the English character—in which the author finds a certain lack of imagination, and he draws the conclusion that if the English democracy can only be told the truth about India, it will be roused to action on her behalf. This hope of course depends on whether there is any democracy left after the War.

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One of the best chapters is that entitled "The Need for Education," from which we are tempted to quote:

> If India is to be a free nation, the problem of education is one of the most important with which she has to grapple. If the Government cannot see its way, either through lack of funds or through indifference, to secure the education up to a suitable point of every Indian, from Brahmana to Panchama, it is incumbent on every loyal son and daughter of India to give and do what he or she can for its furtherance in this land. India can never advance far on the way towards real liberty until her sons *and daughters* are educated. You may give her Home Rule and thus enable her to promote the education of her children; a great step forward will thus have been taken, but her true liberty will not be realised until she has universal and if necessary—and for a long time it will be necessary—compulsory education.

The subject of the Position of Women is given the prominence it demands, and the lesson of the Women's Movement in England—a lesson that is only just beginning to be learned—is taken as an illustration of the situation in India. A chapter on Toleration holds up the universal conception of religion that India is peculiarly fitted to stand for, and an appeal for Unity of effort brings us to the final chapter—"India's Dharma," in which the author sums up the part which India is destined to play in the civilisation of the future, as witness to the divine nature of man.

In writing this book, Mr. Crombie has modestly confined himself to the task of calling attention to the present need for the study of this great movement from the highest standpoint, and in so doing he has rendered a signal service to England as well as India. Thus far at least, he is better qualified to speak than many who may have a greater knowledge of details, for he is a friend of India to the backbone. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to ways and means of attainment, no honest man or woman can remain unmoved by the gentle reason and eloquent sincerity of this clarion call "towards liberty". We therefore hope that its readers will be legion. A Foreword by Mrs. Besant expresses in very beautiful language all that we have been attempting to say thereon.

W. D. S. B.

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Reason and Belief, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

There is a large and ever growing class of readers who look eagerly for the pronouncements of Sir Oliver Lodge on matters connected with the relation between the seen and the unseen. Many therefore will be glad that an edition of *Reason and Belief* is now available which puts the book within the reach of all. The question dealt with in the first part is of great interest to all thinking persons: "The strange interaction between Spirit and Matter which enables psychic processes to affect physical nature and to produce effects in the material world." Part II deals with the teaching of the Old Testament, and in Part III the author gives us an anticipatory reply to critics.

A. DE L.

Myths and Legends of Ancient Egypt, by Lewis Spence, F. R. A. I. (George G. Harrap & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

The author of this book, Mr. Spence, has made studies previously of myths preserved by the North American Indians and those of Mexico and Peru, and he therefore brings to his work in the present volume a fund of valuable experience in such matters. In this manner he is enabled to note a number of curious similarities between the legends and beliefs of the Ancient Egyptians and those handed down to the present day among the Mexicans and Peruvians. In fact so strongly do many of these stories resemble one another that a common origin seems to be unmistakably pointed to.

The book treats almost exclusively of the Egyptian Gods and Goddesses in their relations to one another, their evolution and origins as far as it has been possible to trace or surmise them. Though it is found impracticable to describe the functions and attributes of the whole Egyptian pantheon, which numbers several hundred separate Gods, a sufficiently large range of the principal deities has been dealt with to make the book valuable as a work of reference on this subject alone.

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Besides the Gods of Egypt, however, there are other subjects dealt with, such as Egyptian history, customs etc., literature and magic. These comprise, with the more lengthy chapters on the Egyptian Gods, the whole scope of the book, and it will perhaps only be necessary here to say a few words about the last two subjects, literature and magic. The former, like its later day counterpart, ranges from the best to the worst; and in those days, as to-day, the profession of letters was open to all comers. A too hasty judgment, therefore, of ancient Egyptian literary taste is to be deprecated, as much of the manuscript discovered originated, in the natural course of things, with the humbler scribe and the literary hack of those days. Such pieces, however, as have been unearthed and can be attributed to authors of repute, reveal apparently a quite exceptional literary mind, and are said to be possessed of a singular beauty of style.

To the practice of magic the ancient Egyptians attached considerable importance, and we are given a number of anecdotes bearing on this subject. Among them is one related in the Westcar papyrus, written about 1800 B. C. and now in the Berlin Museum. This tale tells of a certain wife and a certain page and a jealous husband, wherein the to-be-expected domestic crisis occurs, with the result that the husband, who is no mean magician, makes from wax a small crocodile seven fingers in length; this he causes to be introduced into a lake where the guilty page is at the moment swimming. Instantly the crocodile assumes the proportions of a healthy and well-grown member of his species, and devours the lad. The rest of the story, as concerns the wife, is improving but unimportant.

For the rest, the book may be recommended as a useful addition to present day literature on Ancient Egypt, and it is also specially interesting in the number of new interpretations its author puts upon matters which have been subjects of controversy among modern authorities.

I. ST. C. S.

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Dogma, Fact and Experience, by A. E. J. Rawlinson. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Five essays are included in this volume: Religion and Temperament, Dogma and History, The Resurrection and the Life, Our Lord's View and the Future, Clerical Veracity.

They are well written and scholarly—we should expect this, considering who is their author—and well worth the attention of all who are interested in unravelling the rather tangled skein of Christian Theology. The first and last are perhaps the most valuable, in that they will appeal to a wider public than the other three, dealing as they do with questions of real importance to all thoughtful people, whatever their creed, though written of course from the Christian standpoint. In the first, the question is asked—what is "religious experience"? To what kind of state or condition of the individual can the phrase be applied? Is it a mood of consciousness which belongs only to persons of a certain temperament, or is it something which may be universally enjoyed? The discussion is interesting. The author says:

> Not feeling but action, is its characteristic expression; not consciousness of the Divine, but rather that deliberate dedication to God of the whole self and of its activity, which energizes in service and culminates in sacrifice.

And this definition of religious experience he offers as a substitute for others to which he objects on the ground that they exclude all persons except those of a special temperament from a participation in religion. "One thing is needful," he says again, "the oblation of the self to God." Has he included all temperaments in his definition?

Space does not permit of our considering each essay in turn. We can only advise the reader to study them for himself. His reward will be many interesting problems and much food for thought.

A. DE L.

The Logos and His Solar System. (Issued by the Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay. Prices 1d. & 3d.)

This very complete chart, issued in two sizes convenient for Lodge work and home use, indicates the working of the Logos in His Three Aspects, with corresponding names in

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nine world-religions. The Three great Life Waves, the Seven Planes of Matter, with their subdivisions, and an elaborate table of Principles, Reflections, States of Consciousness, etc., make a useful guide for Theosophical study. It is advisable to purchase this chart in lots of one dozen or more, to insure safety in packing, and to aid the building fund of the Blavatsky Lodge, for which purpose it is issued.

G. G.

The New Science of Colour, by Beatrice Irwin. (William Rider and Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Chromatology is undoubtedly a fascinating subject, and when a book, bearing a title such as the one under review, is placed before the public, it must necessarily prove attractive to that section of the public who are interested in a subject which at the present is in a somewhat experimental and tentative stage, but from which interesting and useful facts may be brought to light. Unfortunately, however, we cannot consider Miss Irwin's contribution to the subject as really valuable.

Throughout her book the "science" of colour is treated in a manner so unscientific as to make even a lay reader protest. The personal pronoun "I" is also too much *en evidence*. The author is probably right in contending that colour will play a great part in the future. That it is being employed in Therapeutics is of course well known. Her suggestions of a Colour Theatre and Colour College may also probably be quite feasible. Theosophists will not quarrel with them, if they bear in mind the enormous part colour is to play in the religion of the Sixth Root Race Colony.

A colour chart is included in the volume, and colours are divided into three classes—stimulant, sedative and recuperative, and are connected with breathing.

Here and there the author interjects a rather interesting remark. For the rest, we must confess we have not entered into her mind, and consequently have failed to grasp a continuous thread of argument—which a more intuitive reader might have discerned—running through the book.

T. L. C.

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The Heart of Buddhism, by K. J. Saunders. (Oxford University Press, London & Bombay. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

This little book, which is described as "An Anthology of Buddhist Verse," is one of a series entitled "The Heritage of India," the aim of which is to present the distinctive features of Indian religious thought to the western reader in handy form and at a popular price. All efforts to promote the study and appreciation of different religions can fairly claim the support of Theosophists, but especially is this support due when, as in the present case, the effort proceeds from a Christian mission, for we feel safe in saying that this series marks a new era in missionary enterprise. In any case it shews a most commendable spirit, and one which should do much to correct the offence given in the past by the earlier and cruder methods of proselytism, and lay the foundation for a better understanding in the future of the underlying unity of all religion.

The translator and editor of the volume under review, Mr. K. J. Saunders, is the Literary Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of India, Burma and Ceylon—a body which has always put useful work before dogma—and the short Introduction that he has written gives welcome evidence of his sympathetic study of the life side of popular Buddhism and his respect for "the magnetism and power of the personality who called forth such enthusiasm". It is evident, however, from occasional remarks, that the compiler labours under assumptions still current in Christian thought, as, for instance, when he speaks of Gautama as an "agnostic" and of India as having "never risen to the conception of a Righteous God". The consequent effect on his selections from the Buddhist canon has been to exclude almost the whole of the unrivalled psychological discourses of the Buddha and leave the impression of Buddhism usually conveyed by Christian admirers—that it is merely a magnificent moral code. This policy he defends as follows:

> I have also omitted passages dealing with the nature of Nirvana, for it is possible to support any of the current theories concerning it from the Sacred Books, and Buddhists for the most part are not troubling themselves about it, but look forward rather to rebirth in a heaven or upon earth under favourable conditions.

One might just as well omit the Sermon on the Mount from a collection of typical Christian teachings, on the ground

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that Christians for the most part are not troubling themselves about it.

However, the intention is rather to display the beauty of the Buddhist "Hymns" than to summarise the doctrine, and an interesting side-light on Mr. Saunder's ideal is to be found in a concluding note, which should appeal especially to those who are looking for the coming of a World-Teacher:

> It will be noticed that the Goal here set before the laity is not Nirvana, which does not attract them, but a Heaven of Bliss, which does. The question "How can we even achieve this much of the Eightfold Path?" greatly exercises the earnest Buddhist; and in practice he prays and makes offerings that he may be reborn in this world when Maitri, or Metteyya, the next Buddha, comes. That this "Loving One" has already come, and will return, it is the privilege of the missionary to proclaim.

On the whole the selection is a useful one, including as it does many well known gems, such as the Mahamangala Sutta. We are not particularly impressed by the form of verse into which most of the originals have been translated, but it is quite probable that this feature will prove an additional recommendation to the public. The book is neat in appearance, and a charming design on the cover deserves mention. The best wishes of Theosophists will follow this little work, and the series to which it belongs, as a forerunner of more fruitful religious intercourse between East and West.

W. D. S. B.

All About the War. The Indian Review War Book. Edited by G. A. Natesan, B.A., F.M.U., with an introduction by H. E. the Rt. Hon. Lord Pentland, P.C., G.C.I.E., Governor of Madras. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 4.)

There is nothing special in this volume which marks it as of particular interest to Theosophists. It is a collection of the most varied articles on, and illustrations regarding, the European War, of about 500 quarto pages of letterpress and 200 pages of pictures. As a journalistic production it has been put together with considerable success; it is cheap, rich in information and well indexed. A detailed review of its contents would be out of place in these pages, but we gladly draw the attention of our readers to the publication, and recommend it to those who wish for a convenient volume in which to look up the thousand and one questions arising from a contemplation of the origin, progress and future of the great War.

J. v. M.

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THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS!

The Hibbert Journal for April contains several features of interest to Theosophists, especially an article by the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," the title of which heads this review. Briefly, it is a call to the Churches to prepare for a world-wide spiritual awakening. The expectation of this event is sensed by the writer rather than defined, but it is none the less convincing. The article opens with these significant words:

> There lies before our religious organisations an important decision. A rumour that a great spiritual awakening is at hand has gone forth.

Farther on we read:

> It would certainly seem to the onlooker to-day that if indeed there is a God in the world, transcendent and immanent, and if, on the morrow of this bitter war, He should send forth some special reinforcement of His power into the hearts of exhausted nations, this would be manifested in a movement whose strength no one class of men could control or direct, and whose blessed and far-reaching results no man could foresee. But if we have faith to expect this revival, we are certainly bound to think to the best of our ability whether there are not some things that can be foreseen and prepared for.

To those who have examined Mrs. Besant's statements concerning the coming of a World-Teacher, such an expression of belief, coming from one who is evidently a representative of the Christian Church, is sufficiently remarkable; but the form which this belief assumes is no less remarkable. In attempting to anticipate the probable effects of such a spiritual impulse, the writer takes as his starting-point the universal conception of God as *order*, and foresees that the ruling motive arising in the public mind will be the necessity for social order in place of the existing confusion. This movement is to be very different from the "religious revival" of the past, "run" by some religious denomination and assisted by the terrors of hell-fire. In fact he is prepared to find the "masses" leading the Church, if the Church cannot rise to the occasion by guiding the masses. Thus:

> It is evidently, then, a very serious question whether a Spirit-filled multitude would not press on before the organised Church, attaining more quickly a deeper spiritual insight. We have high authority for the belief that sinners—*i.e.*, those who have not conformed to the accepted moral and religious standards—may go into the Kingdom of God before the righteous—*i.e.*, those who conform to them. The sinner is not weighted down

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with the accepted but imperfect standard; he can run unimpeded to the higher standard inspired by God. But it is clear that if the righteous also ran as lightly, he would go with a wealth of experience and a strength of character that would enrich not only himself but all those who embraced the higher life. Will the righteous cast aside every weight and run as quickly? This leads to another question: Have we any glimpse of what this higher life might be?

With true insight this messenger points out the lack of adequate provision in the Church's Liturgy for bringing into daily life "the brotherly love that fulfils because it transcends the moral law".

If the masses to-day were touched with the splendid inspiration of a true charity or brotherly love, what should we do with them? Where in the Prayer Book of the National Church can be found any simple, strong, straightforward voicing of the desire of the poor to make better homes for their families, and to live more affectionately and nobly in those homes, to get into more brotherly industrial relations with their employers, to be more responsible citizens, and to produce a more equal political and social order?

However, the writer is glad to find that the call for preparation is coming in many cases from within the Church itself, especially from the young—whether in heart or years, and breezy instances of such a receptive attitude are given. He arrives at the conclusion that the representatives of organised religion must choose between three alternative courses. Firstly, they may ignore the signs of an approaching awakening, and find themselves opposed by a social upheaval. Secondly, they may begin by well-meaning efforts to assist the new movement, but by desiring to control it may end by opposing it. Thirdly, they may co-operate in following a new lead towards Brotherhood with open hearts and minds. Surely all Theosophists will join with this "voice of one crying in the wilderness," in its bold summons to the Churches to seize the coming opportunity for re-kindling their waning fires.

W. D. S. B.

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